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ART. I.—*A Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia, in the year 1817.* Serpens nisi serpentem comederit—non sit Draco. New York: Kirk & Mercein. pp. 208.

THE dispensations of Providence are in no respect more remarkable than in furthering the progress of civilization, by elevating one nation as the means of suscitating and advancing others. The history of the world abounds with these examples, while reflection leads us irresistibly to discover in them evidences of beneficent design in the governing mind of an Universal Ruler.

From the earliest periods of the dawn of science, when Egypt was the sole depository of human acquisition, we trace the silent diffusion of its slender stores in those dark ages, as the certain precursor of advantages to man. The light of knowledge appears to have travelled with irregular, but progressive steps, and to have spread with the extension of conquest or alliance. So captive Greece poured out her treasures of art and refinement into the lap of victorious Rome.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio—

But, without recurring to remote periods for the illustration of this truth, we may contemplate its influence over the ancient Slavonic tribes, whose descendants now constitute the population of “all the Russias.” Long did their savage propensities denote a barbarian origin: their clans widely dispersed, and wandering in search of new pasturage for their flocks, roaming over the wildest deserts, and neglecting even the productive fisheries of the Volga and the Vistula. No cities, no villages, graced their extended plains. No uniform system of policy united, during five tedious centuries, their scattered hordes under one head. Science and letters were unknown. Superstition usurped the place of rational piety, and civil war diminished their numbers.

The humanizing arts have not yet performed their complete revolution. Asia, Africa, feel their power.—South America bor-

rows light from a proximate constellation, and extreme Siberia awaits its new intelligence, like the day spring from on high to visit it.

“Far as Angola’s sands and Zembla’s snows,”

we trace the beams of civilization, expanding from centre to circumference. In either Indies, the mind of man appears prepared to undergo a portentous change—the Mahomedan power totters before the march of the Cross.

Deeply as Russia is indebted to the genius of a Peter the Great—and little as it can be disputed that he did more for his country than ever monarch did before—we must ascribe the first impulse of its prosperity—the earliest symptoms of a destiny to emerge from obscurity to the refinements of civilized life—to the influence of foreign connexion before his time.* The germs of incipient civilization in Russia are to be dated from the first treaties with queen Elizabeth, with Edward VI, and James, of England—the establishment of a British factory under the Muscovite Company, and, subsequently, the settlement of German adventurers, French refugees, and ingenious emigrants of various denominations, throughout the provinces. Voltaire, in his His-

* To Ivan Vassiliewitch belongs the merit of first receiving new impressions of national improvement, with the foresight and candor suited to their importance. Accident drove a British ship into one of his ports, since called Archangel. She formed part of a squadron of four, sent from England in 1550, under the directions of Sebastian Cabot, to discover a north-east passage to China and the East Indies. A furious tempest carried her, after being separated from her companions, into the White sea and to the mouth of the Dwina. As she was the first vessel that had ever appeared in that quarter, information of the circumstance was communicated with all possible speed to the czar, then at Moscow. Her captain, Richard Chancellor, was invited to the capital, where he was most graciously and warmly received, with great magnificence and demonstrations of respect. Every encouragement was held out for the immediate establishment of commercial relations between the two countries, and the fortunate navigator was charged, on his return, with a letter from the czar to his sovereign, of the most munificent purport. Chancellor made a second voyage to Russia in 1555, with suitable instructions from his government, and obtained in favour of his countrymen a license, or formal patent, authorizing them to establish themselves, and carry on trade in any part of the Russian empire, with an exemption from taxes, duties, and imposts of whatever description.

The alacrity and liberality with which Ivan seconded this great behest of fortune, redound much to the credit of his discernment, and prove a singular enlargement of mind. He seems to have distinguished at once its unrivalled importance, not only with a view to the development and fructification of the natural resources of his country but to her advancement and civilization. The connexion to which it led, did indeed, much to animate her industry, benefit her agriculture, and unfold her capacity for naval skill. Ivan studied to improve to the utmost this new and auspicious alliance. He it was who first drew a number of artificers and artists, of every description, from England, and sent thither an ambassador, accompanied by twelve of his nobles. The English company of “Merchants’ Adventurers for the discovery of lands unknown,” obtained from him the exclusive privilege of transporting merchandise through his empire, by the Caspian into Great Buckara and Persia. By such measures did this sagacious and profound prince, even in that unfriendly period for the attainment of his wishes, aspire, in endeavour, to raise his people to a condition of excellence and felicity. *Walsh.*

tory of Peter the Great, would impress us with his magical descriptions that the czar had created a people and an empire. Hackluyt shows, that the materials with which Peter wrought his wonders were previously ready to his hand. The trade, the revenue, wealth, export, to which he succeeded, were generated by the growth of exterior relation, and the disseminated example of settlers. Unquestionably his personal travels through Europe, his practical study of the mechanical arts, his importation of foreigners into his empire, and encouragement to settlers of every description, contributed materially to call forth the capabilities of Russia, to instruct her mechanics, to stimulate her miners, reform her military, introduce new modes of policy, and teach the proprietors of the land to improve cultivation. He had wisdom to decide for himself, and, by a searching knowledge of men, an appreciation of the causes that lead to eminence in other states, and a devotion to the welfare of his own, he showed what monarchs can effect when they apply themselves earnestly to improve the opportunities of their station.

If, from this truly great man, we turn to his successor Paul, we must see reason to regret that among other legacies to his country, the great Peter had not bequeathed to it a liberal constitution. To curb the eccentricities of a frail descendant, happy had it been if some executive power, armed with experience and authority, had existed, to interfere between the impetuous sallies of his caprice and the concern of the realm. But autocracy unhappily debauched its supporters, whereby, if some good has attended, at least equal detriment has arisen to the interests of the empire. The universality of qualification necessary in one man will be rarely found existing in a degree to supply fully the public exigencies. The *magna charta* of Russian liberties will be the dawn of her greatness. Power must be delegated before it can become effectual. When we have seen travellers detained at Cronstadt in 1813, until their passports could be signed by the emperor, then in Germany, what must we think of the inconveniences of centering all authority in one individual, and imposing on a monarch the duties of a private secretary? If minor considerations such as these beset the mind of supreme power, what room can there be for other interests, weighty and pressing?

Is it to a negligence, of this origin, that we are to attribute the tardy expansion of native intellect? the necessity of a reliance chiefly on foreign sources to supply the common demands of navigation, medicine, engineering, and all the more useful attainments necessary to a nation? Foreign talent has indeed done much for Russia, and may, advantageously, do far more. Native capacity slumbered till it felt its vivifying power, and was long supposed incapable of successful effort. The chilling influence of climate was adduced to account for the undeniable fact of a dormant lethargy in genius and in thought. Common industry, too, seemed wanting, as, in the absence of encouragement was to be expected, so as to amount almost to an impossibility of subserving national advancement.

But the evil was rooted in the institutions of the country, and it was but doing imperfectly, when natives were not left unshackled to pursue the impulse of foreign example.

Models for imitation alone perhaps were wanting to rouse curiosity and direct interest to its natural pursuit. When afforded, Russian ingenuity was found to imitate closely, and to be equal to the most curious copy; but the contracted policy of the government, in confining its attention to St. Petersburg and Moscow, partially, precluded the general dissemination of improvement in rapid strides through the empire. French, German, English, Swiss engineers are extensively employed in the interior, and must continue to be supplied from abroad, till schools for instruction are opened to afford a knowledge of the necessary sciences. If pre-dial servitude oppose this devotion to study, how can Russia hope to cultivate native talent, or aspire to rank among the enlightened of the earth? Does she seek to be a naval power, and neglect the reward of its native ornaments? When the Scottish admiral of the Russian fleet resigned his command at Lisbon on the rupture with Great Britain (of which he is a subject) because placed in the predicament of an officer fighting against his country, the loss of his services, if felt at all, must evince the necessity of a stricter cultivation of home experience and the development of indigenous skill.

That England views with solicitude the growth of maritime power in Russia, may be inferred from her negotiations with the Porte—her bounties, her persuasions to procure the close of the Dardanelles to the navigation of foreign powers, that forbidden pass, the key of which would be the grand palladium of Russian sovereignty in the Mediterranean.

The words even of Nelson himself, in 1800, betrayed his foresight and distrust of a new flag upon the ocean---a navy then rude as the boors with which it is manned, but which, if cherished with fostering care, and guided by experience, may one day dispute the empire of the seas. On a public occasion, soon after his return from Copenhagen, this great man, who certainly had his vices and his littlenesses, observed to a few by-standers, privately, but with his usual seaman-like *non-chalance*, "Those young Russians," said he, "the admiralty will have placed on board my ship, and circumstanced as we are with Russia, we admit them into the fleet, but when they have served their appointed time, and they come to me for a certificate, I take care how I recommend. To a stupid fellow, I give a *flaming certificate*."

When we consider the geographical situation of this empire—its commodious harbours in the Baltic and in the Black sea—its natural productions, furnishing every material for the construction and equipment of vessels, we cannot withhold a belief that, under a wise administration, it may soon exhibit a formidable marine. Its mines of iron and copper, its inexhaustible forests of timber, its pitch, turpentine, masts and spars, its staples of hemp and flax, confirm this assurance. Whilst other nations import their naval

stores, this exports to all, and has itself a superabundance. So dense are the forests, that the traveller drives through a region of one hundred miles, thickly wooded, the resource of ages! Since Poland is now incorporated with Russia, the importance of its products to commercial and naval purposes will begin to be felt. It produces ship timber in vast abundance, and of very great age, as appeared by the report of the master mast-maker at Toulon, who was sent purposely to examine the forests of that country. The salted provisions of the Ukraine are equal to those of Ireland, and from the low price of both cattle and salt, in Moldavia and the Crimea, they may be shipped at any of the ports on the Black sea one half cheaper than they can be procured on the spot in Ireland. Hemp, fur, sail cloth, saltpetre, tar, tallow, may be obtained in inexhaustible supply.

But what nation, not possessed of colonies or trade, those nurseries for seamen, ever attained to naval preponderance? Is this a policy overlooked or projecting? Have the voyages of Krusenstern and Hagemaster been directed to the establishment of commercial intercourse, to colonial settlement, as well as to discovery, their professed object? Have commercial advantages been secured from France?—a favoured participation in the trade to her reclaimed possessions, as the price of efforts to be contributed for their restoration to legitimate dominion? The boon, for a term of years, beside recompensing the expense of the armament, would be followed by incalculable advantage to the enterprise, the experience, the commercial habits of the Russian people, then, for the first time, introduced upon a new theatre of the globe. It is not the bare calculation of profit and loss in an adventure of this kind that should regulate the resolves of nations; but the prospective habits to be engendered by a new commercial intercourse—by an admission into channels that have aggrandized other powers—by frequenting the richest portion of the Antilles, another Asia in the west.

If we turn to the military power and resources of this empire, we shall find the genius of the government—the habits of the people—the political institutions, all favouring the profession of war. In a country where the army is the sole passport to distinction, where military rank is esteemed the occupation most becoming the employment of the nobility—where decoration and orders for the rewards of merit descend in gradation to every rank, acting as a constant excitement to good conduct, a less population might, in time, become truly formidable. But when Russia is viewed, levying her conscriptions over forty-two millions of subjects, from the Baltic to the Pacific, and from the White sea to the Caspian; all these, acknowledging the absolute will of one homaged autocrat to whom they swear fealty, how vast is the engine of power, how ready the means offensive and defensive at disposal, waiting on the nod of pleasure to execute its summons!

We pass over the events of a war in which the rashness of an opponent in quitting winter quarters on the Vistula, to carry his eagles into the midst of a Russian winter, furnished to Alexander

a victim and an ally—a victim sacrificed to the ambition of hastening his bulletins from the ancient palace of the czars—an ally, in the cooperating rigours of season. The gigantic resources of a hundred provinces poured forth their tributes to swell the army of the north—the Cossacks of the Ural mountains, from the Don to the Baschkir—Tartary itself, issued at the call of the beloved Hetman Platoff, and the cry of “To Poland and to Paris!” resounded from young to old, beyond the remotest Caucasus.

As partisans, the Cossacks are unmatched. The regular infantry and cavalry are highly disciplined. No soldiers in Europe display a nobler appearance. A military air—the step of grandeur and dignity, not the levity of foppery, mark the deportment of every member of the line. The officers are the sons or relatives of the nobility, possessing absolute command over their peasant slaves, whom they enlist. No discipline is spared, no severity of exercise omitted, to render the private a model of symmetry and grace in movement. The subalterns experience the same rigid drilling in their noviciate, and emulation of person and conduct incites the whole to prescribed uniformity. Lord Cathcart’s admiration of the Russian artillery, perhaps the finest in the world, did not go unnoticed in the London Gazette. The Russian is a being seemingly unacquainted, by nature, with the principle of fear: when ordered, he will march to the cannon’s mouth, as though unconscious of danger. Perhaps a superstitious persuasion of the joys of Paradise awaiting the departed souls of heroes slain in battle, may contribute to aid a temperament naturally phlegmatic, and not to be diverted from its purpose.

From Tooke we learn, that the Russian troops were pronounced, even by Frederic II, to be admirable soldiers. He observes: “The Russian will not fall back one step, while his commander bravely keeps his ground: he contents himself with a pay almost inconceivably small; and, with very slender diet, he is always cheerful. Hungry and thirsty, he traverses the heavy sands of the deserts, under the load of his accoutrements, without murmur or complaint; executes every command; reckons nothing impossible, or too difficult; does every thing that he is ordered, without shunning any danger; and is inventive of a thousand means for accomplishing his design. What may not be performed with such an army, when led on by experienced and valiant generals, in whom they have confidence? Let the soldier but see that he is spared as much as possible, he attaches himself with all his soul to his commander, and performs almost miracles. Well might the empress Catherine denominate the Russians an obedient, brave, intrepid, enterprising, and powerful people. In general, it may be affirmed that no army in Europe, proportionately, costs so little: and no soldier in Europe can subsist upon so little pay as the Russian. For what other European soldier will subsist on an annual pay not amounting to more than seven or eight roubles, or when in garrison only half that sum; and the allowance of grits and flour, weighed out to him with the utmost nicety.”

With such materials, Alexander may direct his vengeance and hurl his thunder into the remotest climes, dreaded by the potent, and flattered by the weak. His colossal power overshadows Europe—with one hand he grasps the north—with the other he challenges the south. The hordes of Tartary acknowledge his will, zealous to obey his call. Twice have they entered the capital of France, rejoicing to taste the delights of countries more prolific than their own. The east may next invite cupidity, and the achievements of Philip's son are perhaps to be redoubled under a modern Alexander. Catherine regarded the British empire in the east as her descendant now views it—the prize of future war. She did not hesitate to lend her sanction to a project—afterwards abandoned, from various motives—of marching an army through Buckara to Kashmir, and thence to Bengal, in order to drive the English from the Indian peninsula.

At this day, we find the count d'Yermoloff despatched on a mission to Persia, with a view to negotiate for the cession of the southern provinces on the Caspian, and the free communication of the Russians with the Indies through the Persian states. It is to direct a more ready attention to these objects that the court passes the present winter at Moscow, now risen from its ashes in renovated splendor.*

But to return to northern affairs: let us inquire into their present aspect, or what may be denominated secret history.

The press has so paramount an influence over public opinion, that all governments, and especially in this reading age, have thought it not undeserving attention. The *Hamburgh Correspondent*, the *Brussels Oracle*, the *Frankfort Mercury*, echo, from dubious, though not unsuspected quarters, the will of potentates.

* The fate of this magnificent, devoted city, is eloquently touched upon by an accomplished and learned traveller, A. Amos, Esq., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in a letter, written in 1813, to the editor:

‘Casting my eyes on the other side of this sheet, I perceive that I have not room for a description of Moscow. I shall only observe, that in viewing the ravages committed by the flames upon this ancient and once magnificent city, I felt a melancholy enjoyment analogous to that which I should experience if standing on the ruins of Carthage, or walking amidst the fallen columns of the Roman capitol. The stately edifices of the Kremlin, raised to gratify the vanity, to indulge the superstition, and to further the munificent designs of the czars of Russia, now present a pile of mournful ruins. Three successive explosions, which convulsed the whole city, levelled, in a few minutes, the work of years and the admiration of ages. I frequently look at the superb palaces of the nobility, of which, in many instances, the walls alone remain: I figure to myself where might have been the rooms dedicated to the hospitable banquet, the festive dance, or the enchantments of music. Mirth and happiness have now forsaken them. The only relics of the numerous wooden houses that have been burnt at Moscow are their stoves. Yet these seem to say, that they once afforded man solace from the inclemency of winter, and inspired his heart with cheerfulness, or merriment which naturally leads the traveller to inquire, what is now the condition of these miserable cottagers? A thought recurred frequently to my mind, when taking a general view of this impressing scene:

*‘Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turre.’*

The former of these issues from the focus of information—the emporium of business and politics in Germany. Its ambiguous allusions to a certain great prince, betoken no friendly feelings towards his person, and the regent of Sweden must perceive that a higher bidder has purchased his denunciation. If he values his security, he will follow the example of the fifth Charles, and retire, whilst he may, into private life—happy, in having done all that wisdom could devise for the welfare of his adopted country.

Is the reign of legitimacy in Europe to be universally upheld? and are the sentiments supposed to originate in a German atmosphere, shrewdly edited to prepare us for the fate of another Murat? We all recollect before the press was dry announcing these forebodings, the news of unsuccessful conspiracy arrived to confirm their connexion, and portend that Stockholm is to see restored a family deposed for the calamity of its sire. *The son of Gustavus* is educating at the court of Stutgard—the king of Wirtemberg is his cousin. He is an accomplished young man, about 20 years of age, and of the *Protestant religion*. He is, besides, nephew of the emperor Alexander. The organization of Norway, successfully conducting under the present crown prince, will enhance the value of a disputed diadem. Charles XIII, aged and enfeebled by a continued course of early dissipation, cannot be expected to leave the right of succession much longer unsettled. Open force would speedily decide that question. The acquisition of Finland in the last war, has given to Russia the command of Sweden. But the intrigues of the diet, the bribery of the nobles, will render that the seeming effect of popular ebullition, which has its source in more hidden springs.

Since the attempt to assassinate the crown prince of Sweden, two of the Swedish *literati*, Dr. Bugellen, and professor Ira, have been sentenced to imprisonment; one for life, for having drank the health of Gustavus IV, as king of Sweden. The hopeful heir, connected by blood with the empress of Russia, and receiving his instruction under her auspices, is denominated, in some of the European calendars, as prince royal of Sweden: and if he should succeed to the throne, would be Gustavus V. After the death of the present king (now in his 70th year) it is not improbable that paramount authority will urge the claim of Gustavus to the throne. He is of age to reign, according to the usages of Europe. On the other hand, Bernadotte is acknowledged by Sweden, and most of the other powers of Europe, as prince royal of Sweden, and heir apparent to the crown. Having the chief command of the army, and, at the head of the councils of Sweden, he will, no doubt, adopt measures to be proclaimed king, and cause the oaths of allegiance to himself to be taken by all the people. He has already installed his son Oscar, now nearly 18 years old, as viceroy of Norway. When the peace of Europe is again disturbed, it probably will be on account of the affairs of Sweden.

There seems only wanting a Russian interest in Denmark, to complete that northern confederacy which might exercise the rights of ownership in the Baltic, and chase before it the disputants of the ocean. In Holland it would find ports to refit and equip, with fleets of reinforcement and cooperation. It was a capital stroke of policy to secure an alliance with that naval and commercial power, whose De Ruyters and Van Tromps once rode triumphant in the British channel, with a broom at their mast-heads, threatening to sweep the English from the seas, and whose glories may yet be revived, by the more expansive power of the incorporated Netherlands.

It was but part of a comprehensive series of matrimonial alliances, to connect the heir of Orange with a Russian czarina. The Dutch trade is intimately blended, as of old, with that of Archangel, Petersburg, Revel, and Riga. The hereditary prince of the Netherlands cannot but feel a mortification at the refusal experienced on his marriage offer to princess Charlotte of England, especially after the encouragement he had long received. Her acceptance of the hand of prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, so immediately upon the rupture, could not but be mortifying to a youthful mind; and if it produced the resentment felt in private life, may not cease with the occasion that gave it birth. But was the all-powerful hand of Russia here, directing a change of affection in the present husband of the grand dutchess Catherine, sister of Alexander? If so, it argues the existence of a principle of action still more powerful.

Inspecting the history of family compacts, we shall find them springing from politic motives, imperceptible at times, yet the result of plan and object in ministerial arrangement. The marriage of the grand dutchess Anne to the king of Wirtemberg, extends Russian interest through Germany to the Rhine. The Wirtemberg troops, it should be recollected, furnished, under Bonaparte, one of the finest contingents to the Rhenish confederation. Alexander moreover, reckons as a brother-in-law, the hereditary duke of Saxe Weimar; and, by the recent union of a daughter of the king of Prussia with a Russian prince, the grand duke Nicholas, brother to the emperor, we may consider the connexion between the courts of Petersburg and Berlin as still more intimate and durable. The friendship of the two monarchs, whose feelings and whose interests, long since in unison, may be expected to be drawn still closer by this event, was formed under circumstances that ally mankind most warmly, because romantically to each other. Both had endured the most aggravated wrongs—both had sustained the oppression of a mutual enemy, and cooperated heartily for their deliverance. In the field, they had animated their joint forces by the inspiring energies of command and example; contending side by side—the first in the advance, the last in the return. In the tent, they shared the soldier's portion. In the day of triumph they joined in grateful orisons

to the Giver of Victory. A series of brilliant achievements completed the deliverance of Europe, and crowned them as its liberators. Paris received them as conquerors, and they spared it as friends. The magnanimity of Alexander disdained to retaliate ruined Moscow; for barbarism waits no longer upon Russian banners. Moderation in all ranks of the Prussian army evinced a discipline unrelaxed since the days of the great Frederick.

Whilst these events tended to unite the two sovereigns in views of public measures, their visit to England improved a connexion, the cordiality of which became daily more visible. Alexander, earnest to observe and note whatever might conduce to useful information and experience, seemed intent to discover objects fitting his imitation at home, and was every where accompanied by his gallant brother in arms.

The congress at Vienna saw them in fraternal concert; the one seconding motions for the annexation of Saxony to Prussia; the other, that of Poland to Russia. Alexander negotiated with the sword his share in the treaty; and pouring seventy thousand troops into Poland, under the grand duke Constantine, his brother, whom he nominated viceroy at Warsaw, insisted on its incorporation with his dominions. Talleyrand, acting on the old political maxims of France with regard to Russia, and unmindful of her present ascendancy, took an opposite stand. Lord Castlereagh, the British minister, hoping, by this, to restore the balance of power, warmly supported an opposition that served only to provoke the displeasure, without reducing the pretensions, of the autocrat, who now refused to admit his lordship into the imperial presence, and threatened, in case of refusal, to close the Baltic to the British trade. The acquisition of Saxony by Prussia, being waved till a more convenient season, smoothened the conferences, and apparently restoring the equilibrium, left to Prussia but a stronger claim upon the future services of its powerful auxiliary.

Monarchs, as other individuals, have their prejudices and propensities, which the officious are not slow to improve. Has a rooted antipathy to British interference sprung up from this offence of the minister of Great Britain? It will find abundant courtiers to fan the flame. Did Talleyrand imagine the extent of Russian power in modern days, when he withstood simply its encroachments, little supposing that loss of place and confidence was to pay the forfeit of his temerity? A Russian governor (the duc de Richelieu) who had emigrated from France at the revolution, was ready for office, and sent for to supply the vacancy. The error of Talleyrand was in borrowing his *politique* from the exploded memoirs of Vergennes, instead of drawing his conclusions from the temper of the times. France in the reign of Louis XIV is not a fit criterion for the statesman of 1814, inasmuch as she had not then felt the power of the czars. Her relative station is now altered, and it is to conciliate, far from thwarting, a successful adversary, that her politics should be framed. The times are past when stratagem could avail to circumvent the progress of

Russian power on the European stage. We discover in the *Politique de tous les Cabinets*, volume 3, how steadily and strenuously France laboured at Constantinople to baffle the projects of Russia, and oppose her power. There is unquestionable proof on record, that she not only instigated and supported most of the wars undertaken against them by the Turks, but frequently incited the Tartars to lay waste their territory.

The words of Bonaparte himself, in a conversation with the gentlemen of the late British embassy to China, quoted in our last number, are too remarkable to be passed over, since they confirm these views most unequivocally, and were noted with a precision more than usually accurate.

‘Russia is the power now to be most apprehended. If she organize Poland, she will be invincible. She always had a longing after Turkey, but I always stood in her way in that quarter.’

The cabinet of Louis the Fifteenth acted upon a systematic plan of hostile intrigue, and tampered habitually with every state capable of traversing and weakening the new member of the European commonwealth. *Arrêter le développement de la Russie*, to arrest the development of Russia, was one of the favourite projects of the duc de Choiseul. When Catherine’s fleet was about to pass into the Mediterranean to attack the Turks in the Archipelago, this minister framed a scheme for sinking it, in conjunction with Spain, although neither France nor Spain was then at war with Russia. Poland was the constant scene of the most dangerous machinations, as may be learnt from the correspondence of the count de Broglie, and other French agents near the court of Warsaw. To form there a *point d’appui* against Russia, was a leading object in the personal politics of Louis the Fifteenth, as well as of Bonaparte. The same end was proposed in the elevation of the prince of Conti to the Polish throne, for which the one laboured, and in the erection by the other of the kingdom of Westphalia, and the dutchy of Warsaw.

Talleyrand had borne a principal share in the arrangements of his late master; consulting, in his view, the supposed advantage of France; he was unwilling to relinquish the prescribed policy of ages—a policy, however, the extent of which was entirely appreciated, because its effects had been experienced, by the Russian interest. If proof were wanting of the decided influence of Alexander in the councils of St. Cloud, and of opportunity improved to obtain an ascendancy in the cabinet, it is most decidedly manifested in the removal of Talleyrand from office, and the introduction of the duc de Richelieu as prime minister of Louis XVIII. This nobleman, descended from an ancient distinguished family in France, was invited, at the period of his emigration with the flying nobility, in 1792, to fix his residence in the south of Russia. He was calculated to take the lead among his expatriated countrymen, who, realizing a new France upon the Euxine, peopled Astracan, and gave to the Crimea a new and ingenious race. Odessa grew beneath his fostering care, a splendid evidence of

his wisdom and his labours. During the latter years of his government in that city, he saw a thousand vessels annually frequenting it, the credit of which belongs to the master mind that unfolded the resources of Odessa as a granary for Europe.

Such is the minister now at the head of the councils of France—such the preponderance of power that placed him there.

Whoever would speculate on politics, the more clear his discernment, must be the better sensible that he sees at most but “through a glass darkly.” Experience oftentimes is baffled in attempting to reason upon the future from the past—in nothing, perhaps, so commonly as in the affairs of empires. It is in this view that we are disposed to esteem more lightly speculative opinion, coming from whatever source. It is not to be supposed that the volume before us could emanate from any quarter marked by official accuracy. It appears calculated to alarm Europe by arraying the phalanx of its dangers. Rumour has attributed it to sir Robert Wilson; it is not avowed what share he had in the performance. Great as his authority may be, in the facts he might have furnished, the mind can scarcely repose with entire reliance upon conjectural prospects, unsanctioned as they are by superior authority and declared views.

The Holy Alliance, first proposed and circulated by the pious sovereign whose sanguine mind recommends Divine precept to the observance of nations, may be regarded as assuring peace and justice to all. It allies, no doubt, the powerful and the good, in opposition to the ambitious and evil-minded. Still, it must be acknowledged that, as a test of morals, so variously construed, there is left open in this a wide range for conjecture. Is the object, more especially, to league against the Crescent the true religion of the Cross? To substitute by some new crusade the Gospel for the Koran? The union of Christian princes and the profession of Christian faith, as the basis of that union, favour the supposition; and on this ground, the hesitation of the British regent to accede to the treaty may be accounted for—the balance of power might ultimately be affected.

A frank avowal of political reflection is hazarded under the only free government in the world, unawed by apprehension of persecuting power, modern penalties of law, or the *surveillance* of censors of the press. “The greater truth, the greater libel,” is a maxim of European codes. The prosecution of the traveller Wraxall by count Woronzow, not faint in our recollection, may deter the modern annalist of another hemisphere. With such warnings suspended *in terrorem* over him, we could not expect an unreserved publication from any writer in England, particularly since the suspension of his liberties with that of the Habeas Corpus act. It is on this account we have chosen to disregard, in our views of this question, the anonymous authority of one who, cited to appear, is deterred, on pain of ruin perhaps, from deposing “the whole truth.” To claim an attentive hearing however is privilege in every court, and though there is much of irrelevancy to dispose

of, we will admit some facts, and what conclusions we may, from the author's situation to disclose.

'Alexander came to the throne with strong predilections in his favour. Real personal good qualities had gained the affections of all who approached him; and, as the pupil of La Harpe, expectation was raised high as to his capacity for government. The Telemachus of the north was not then inebriated with power, but, instructed in his duties by a Mentor endowed with intelligence and virtue, exercised the authority of a despotic sovereign to establish philanthropy as the basis of his throne.'

'An enemy to the costly indulgences of some of his predecessors, he regulated the expenses of his palaces with economy, and applied his treasures to the foundation of useful establishments, the promotion of public works, the equipment of his arsenals, and the augmentation of his army. Temperate, active, and indefatigable, he transacted the business of government through direct correspondence or personal superintendence; and familiar with the statistics, topography, and interests of the various people inhabiting his extensive empire, he cherished the general prosperity by a policy adapted to the wants of *each* and *all*.'

Speaking of his conduct on the march through Germany, when following up the French army, it is stated, that he was constantly at the head of his troops, and forgot no occasion for their instruction. But his attention was not limited to military discipline. Objects beneficial to Russia were his constant research. Every artist, every manufacturer, every mechanic who presented himself, with powers of utility, was immediately engaged; and persons were constantly employed to discover *men* and *things* worthy his notice.

Though not the nominal *commander in chief* of the armies, he exercised great influence, and received the principal homage of the Germans; to which the popularity of his manners greatly contributed.

Gratified in his vanities, but not intoxicated with his successes, he sought after, and acquired by his policy and mildness, the affections of all parties. To the *royalists* he was the guardian of the *royal dynasty*—to the *Napoleonists* he was the preserver of the integrity of France, and to the *constitutionalists* he was the *champion* of a *liberal government*. But in this moment of triumph he never forgot Russia, and added largely to former importations for the advancement of the arts, science, and industry in that country.

His 120,000 men encamped at Virtù astonished the staff of the other armies of Europe assembled at the review, by an uniformity of excellence, never before witnessed in such a large body of troops. Each battalion seemed a chosen one, and yet there was no preference. All were *pares et similes*.

Alexander commenced his reign in the year 1800, over thirty six millions of subjects, but his armies were not then numerous enough for his extensive possessions and the increasing military force of the several great states of Europe. His military system wanted that organization which was but imperfect in any one branch of government. The acquisitions of his predecessors had

been enormous: but they had not yet completed the line of frontier which the acquisitions themselves required for their preservation.

The guns of the Swedes could be heard in Petersburg: the Poles of Warsaw were *suspicious* neighbours: the Turks in Asia were still inclined to struggle for the recovery of the Crimea, from which they were not a stone's throw: the Turks in Europe still occupied Besserabia, and held the Russians in check on the Dniester.

The mountains of the Caucasus were full of hostile Turks, and Persia, by the possession of the province of Shervan, presented a salient and offensive frontier, from which it fed a war that cost the Russians annually great sums of money; and caused much waste of life. The finances were deranged, and the administration of government, in the different provinces was expensive, without being productive.

To what extent Alexander has accomplished all his undertakings, without forgetting the interests he was bound to protect, may be difficult to prove, since there is no direct mode to ascertain the opinion of his subjects by the discussion of a *free press*; but as far as the prevalence of tranquillity in every province under his sway—as far as ostensible improvement in all military economy, and general order in all branches of the administration—can authorize the presumption, an extraordinary amelioration must have taken place.

Bodies of recruits, of which three-fifths used to perish in the journey, now arrive with no more than common casualties; and so far from the spirit of the people being worn down by demands for military service and augmentation of taxes; patriotism has acquired devotional ardour, and the state has not found it necessary to enforce any additional burdens upon its inhabitants.

The ground on which the town of Odessa now stands did not contain, in the year 1794, one house or inhabitant: now there are one thousand houses of stone, and above forty thousand residents.

Tcherkaz, near the mouth of the Don, in the sea of Azof, is no less prosperous.

Astrachan, at the mouth of the Volga, by the last treaty with Persia, (which gives the exclusive navigation of the Caspian sea to the Russian flag,) has obtained equal advantages.

The *internal navigation* from the White and Baltic to the Caspian and Black seas has been improved by various great works, and others are in progress.

‘The city of Petersburg has been embellished at the expense of *five millions of roubles annually*; so that three-fourths of the houses are now *palaces of stone*, and the city itself has become the most magnificent in the world, for its buildings, its quays, its canals, and “the pellucid waters” of the Neva.

‘The impulse has not been confined to the European provinces; but Siberia, to which such terrible images have been attached, from the supposed intolerable rigour of its climate, and its associating ideas of misery and unjust suffering, is become a *fertilized and productive coun-*

try, inhabited by *voluntary* settlers—amongst them many foreigners; and not only the city of Tobolsk, enriched by every species of European and Asiatic luxury, is growing into a very considerable capital, distributing civilization around—but Irkoutska also; at the distance of *three thousand seven hundred and seventy-four* miles from Moscow, and not *four hundred* from the frontier of China, has become the seat of a considerable and flourishing government.

‘ Communications are open in all directions, even to Kamtschatska and the fort St. Peter and St. Paul, at the distance, (by Okotsk, in the Pacific,) of *eight thousand seven hundred and thirty* miles from Moscow.*

‘ Reports are regularly received from every government, and arrive generally at the prescribed day, and from most of them at the same hour.

‘ In no country in the world is *travelling* so cheap, or so secure against robbers; and within the last half dozen years, large inns have been erecting, under the order of the emperor, at all the principal European post stations.

‘ *Manufactories* of all descriptions have been established, and particularly in *iron*, which is worked with a delicacy that rivals the artists of any country.

‘ Carriages, which heretofore were imported from England, are now made under the original instruction of German and English builders, with such good and cheap materials, as to render the prohibition of importation a matter of no regret.

‘ *Cloth* manufactories are receiving great encouragement from the government, and the late events on the continent have added largely to the *manufacturing* and *mechanic* population.

‘ The ports of Cronstadt, of Riga, and Revel, have not only been opened again to the trade with all Europe, but America is becoming a competitor of such importance as to render Russia no longer dependent on the English market: and thus the preference promised the English merchants by Peter the Great, when he addressed William the Third in Holland, in the year 1697, and privileges subsequently granted, have been cancelled, or rather not renewed, on an alleged principle of general justice.

‘ At the same time, the doctrines inculcated by La Harpe have not been neglected in *Russia*. *Slavery* has not only been divested of many of its most disgusting features; but great progress has been made towards its abolition by the regulations as well as the example of the emperor.

‘ The nobles of Esthonia have lately declared, that, at the expiration of a few years, necessary for intermediate arrangements, useful to the peasant as well as the proprietor, slavery shall no longer exist in their province; and there is every reason to expect a more general extension of this policy will not be long protracted.

‘ A disposition, manifested by the emperor, to introduce preliminary measures for the establishment of a *constitutional* government, was rejected by the senate, who declared for the maintenance of an *autocracy*. But if the *senate* at that time had been as liberally disposed as the so-

* It must not be forgotten, that the communications are greatly facilitated by the sledge conveyance. Merchandise can be transported on sledges in one winter, which would require two summers water carriage. The journey from Okotsk is performed in less than three months.

vereign, the frame of a representative government might have been formed, to keep pace with the progress of civilization.

‘While such are the characteristics of internal improvement, the indications of external greatness, in her foreign relations, are no less unequivocal.’

Russia has descended from the mountains! She is no longer struggling against the hostility of nature and barbarians; she has advanced into the plain. Persia is humbled before her, with armies it is true, instructed by Europeans, French officers, officers of the army of Napoleon *proscribed* by Louis; but it is not probable that they have carried with them feelings of ill will to Russia so strong as those towards England; that they would rather storm the frozen Caucasus than join in an expedition to share the spoil of Asia, and avenge in the east their humiliation in Europe.

To reach Tcheran, the capital of the Shah, the columns have to march only three hundred miles; and by the navigation of the Caspian they can be disembarked within *one hundred!* Thus an army might sail from the Baltic through an internal navigation from Petersburg to Astracan, and landing on the southern shore of the Caspian, pitch their tents within four hundred miles of the Persian Gulf; from whence the voyage to Bombay is only from twenty-four to thirty days, and to Madras but eight or ten days longer.

‘Russia, after posting *thirty thousand* men of appropriate force, with artillery, &c. in Finland, *eighty thousand* on the frontier of Galicia, *sixty thousand* in Moldavia, *thirty thousand* on the frontier of Armenia, as many in Persia, and leaving a reserve of *one hundred thousand* men to sustain these armies, possesses still a disposable force of about *two hundred thousand* infantry, *eighty thousand* cavalry, and *one thousand two hundred* guns better horsed for service than any artillery or cavalry in the world;—an army, than which, there is none more brave, and with which *no other* can march, starve, or suffer physical privations and natural inclemencies. She has moreover a population equal to the needed supply, and to a great proportion of whom the habits and sufferings of war are familiar; while no power in Europe can raise, equip or maintain their forces with such disdain of the price of blood.†

‘Such is *Russia*—such has been her gigantic growth within a short century! The elements of her greatness, no doubt, previously existed, but, like the treasures in the bowels of the earth, they were undiscovered, and, when produced, were still too full of dross for use, without skilful preparation.

‘Ability and audacity have guided the engine: fortune, and the errors of enemies, have contributed to its action.’

The work under notice is the production of a superior mind, stored with more ancient knowledge and classical reading than usually unite in a general of cavalry. With some political foresight, it affords statistical information accessible perhaps only to those who have travelled and inquired in Russia. For this part of

* The militia would perform the garrison duties, if all the regular troops were required on emergency in the field. Her *defensive* means, indeed, are so great and various, as to be incalculable.

† The actual pay of a *Russian* soldier is not above half a crown a month.

the contents we feel more real respect than for any other. Facts will survive when the ardour of speculation is forgotten. The style is that of an energetic and luminous mind—brilliant and forcible. Passing over some unconnected reflections on past campaigns, there is still much informed, as well as much omitted.

The friend to human civilization and happiness will view with interest the expansion of order, art, improved government, and true religion, over dark regions; while he deprecates the position that advances of dominion should be regarded as objects of jealousy. The adjustment of power may perplex European statesmen—intrigue may busy itself to devise checks to encroachment, and barriers to ambition. The true philosopher will consider all as subservient to some superior design—the moral advancement of the world. So long as potentates war not against this universal law, protection, more than human, may favour their proceedings.

Russia, if sensible of her advantages, far from being impaired by suffering, may derive a benefit from her late misfortunes. The choicest treasures of science and of art have been unfolded to her view; the improved practices of enlightened nations have been exhibited to her imitation—it remains to profit by these, and to deduce a wisdom from experience.

Alexander must have witnessed the influence of learning and good impressions on a people; he must have admired the value of institutions resulting from a freedom of person and property—a liberty to search, and encouragement to propagate truth.

By contrast, and mature reflection on what propels or retards the progress of nations, he will discover much to reform, reverse and enact.

The freedom of the press he will be told, if his advisers are honest, is the first step to public improvement. But, of all the measures that can engage his deepest interest in this time of peace is, a close attention to the diffusion of knowledge—the great business of education among his people.

The days are gone by, when, to stifle rising merit, to quench the fire of genius, and to darken the understanding, were supposed to constitute the secret of governing mankind.

If, indeed, we turn to modern priestcraft, and search the denunciations of an inquisition sitting in judgment to sentence mental illumination without the cloister, we may trace the impious relics of deformed barbarism, appalling its victims with mysterious horrors, and teaching deluded fanaticism, "Since ignorance is best, 'tis folly to be wise."

But the enlightened disciple of genius,* fresh from the glowing and generous lessons of wisdom, had studied books and men to little purpose, if, for a moment, he had listened to evil persuasion counselling in his ear the ways of darkness, as opposed to the light of instruction, with the spread of the Scriptures *in the vernacular tongue*. Error cannot stand the test of inquiry. Prejudice disappears before the broad day of intelligence and reason.'

* Any praise of ours is too feeble for the merits of M. La Harpe.

Schools for all*—Bible societies *have been* sanctioned and promoted in every province. Thankfulness we know to have been expressed for these inestimable peace-offerings, proceeding no doubt from the just conviction that crime diminishes, to make way for virtue, when the mind is instructed, and the heart amended.

If such continue the persuasions of his maturer years—in the intervals of business or pleasure, he will not rest content with general edicts for bettering the condition of his people. He will examine personally into their actual state, sufferings and wants, recollecting on the one hand the fair claims of the subject, and on the other the implied obligations of the crown. He will repose his confidence in a few, and those tried and incorruptible servants. He will deter abuse by vigilance in its detection. He will redress complaint, not by inviting its approach, but by searching its existence. As he values the good opinion of foreign powers—as he respects himself, he will select faithful representatives of his own character and conduct in the persons of his ambassadors—men, qualified to convey to distant nations the most favourable impressions of his administration; rigid in their observance of the laws, a regard to the opinions of society; dignified, respectable by their attainments and wisdom comporting with the just interests of a mighty empire.

The time may come when, called upon to unsheath the sword, the eyes of the world are to mark if in conquest he be guided by a beneficent policy—humbling the proud infidel, while he spares the oppressed, “*parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*” Revolving years may afford to the poet and the historian memorials for his glory or dispraise.

——— *veniet lustris labentibus ætas,
Quum domus Assaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenæ,
Servitio premet, ac victis dominabitur Argis,
Nascetur pulchrâ Trojanus origine Cæsar,
Imperium oceano, famam qui terminet astris.
Hunc tu olim cœlo, spoliis Orientis onustum,
Accipies secunda: vocabitur hic quoque votis.
Aspera tum positæ mitescent sæcula bellis,
Cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus,
Jura dabunt: diræ ferro et compagibus arctis
Claudentur belli portæ.*

A pacific policy will secure to him the approbation of the good, while it the more justifies him in a war provoked.

Pursuing these general maxims as the guide of his administration, he will acquire the grateful attachment of a people, between whom and his immediate cares no minister will dare to interpose—he will enhance his respect abroad, by being careful to establish it at home, and, far from exciting the suspicions or jealousies of men, he will be regarded now and hereafter, the friend, the protector of public virtue and happiness—the benefactor of the human race.

* The system of Bell and Lancaster. In Europe, Denmark, Iceland, Finland, *Russia*, Germany, Switzerland and France, there have been added the following Corresponding Societies—at Basle, Berlin, Lithuania, Ratisbon, Zurich—the cause prospers in Greece, and *even among the Calmuck Tartars.*—*Ninth Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.*

ART. II.—*Reports of Cases adjudged in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, with some select cases at Nisi Prius and in the Circuit Courts.* By the honourable Jasper Yeates, one of the judges of the supreme court of Pennsylvania. 8vo. Bioren. Philadelphia, 1817.

THE late judge Yeates, during a juridical life of twenty-six years, was distinguished by a patience of labour and investigation, remarkable even in a profession that constantly calls for it. He was a man of extensive law reading, of sound judgment, of a minute and accurate acquaintance with the legal history of his own state, and of industry to bring all these resources into daily use. Those who knew him intimately, know with what ardour he performed his official duties to almost the last hour of his life, and in how small a degree the acutest bodily suffering, was permitted by him to disturb the exercise of his functions, or the serenity of his excellent temper.

But above all was he distinguished and worthy of distinction, for his uniform and unshaken regard to precedent, to the decisions of his predecessors, to the law as he understood it to be adjudged and settled, which no vanity of striking out new opinions, could ever induce him to give up. This most wholesome disposition, which is not in greater harmony with the duties of a judge than it is with the interests of society, is by some regarded with indifference, and by others with contempt, as the attendant of a mind unable to stand or go by itself; but when we advert to the nature of our complicated system of law, and the constant reference which the actions of men have to it, it is impossible to deny that the most splendid qualities in a judge afford no compensation for either his ignorance or his defiance of authority. Admirable as our common law is, it must be admitted that some of its rules, and those of very frequent application, are in the highest degree artificial; that is, no good reason can be given why they might not have been in the beginning very different from what they are. The authority of such rules is matter of positive establishment, and not of reason. In many cases, where the rule is not so entirely positive, but claims to be a deduction from some acknowledged principle of right, the last conclusion is so distant from the original principle, that it is difficult to discern their connexion, and it would be no offence to sound reasoning, nor indeed to the parent principle itself, to adopt a conclusion entirely opposite to that which has been adopted. In other cases, though certainly few in number, the rule seems in early times to have been turned out of the path of reason, perhaps by the impulse of that maker of bad precedents a hard case, and has never been able to get back to it.—In each of these classes instances will readily occur to the professional reader; and it is in reference to rules of this description, long since perfectly settled, that men buy, and sell, and bequeath, make provision for themselves, their dependents, and their posterity. What more pestilent influence then can arise in society, than a legislating judge, who, from vanity or ignorance, sets up his private opinion above

the settled law of the land, and because he is unable to discover the reason of a rule, or thinks he is able to make a rule more reasonable, tramples under foot what is sanctioned by the consent of ages. Under such licentiousness every thing becomes uncertain. *Non omnium quæ à majoribus nostris constituta sunt, ratio reddi potest. Et ideo rationes eorum quæ constituuntur: alioquin multa ex his quæ certa sunt, subvertuntur.*

It is the good fortune of Pennsylvania, that her supreme bench is now filled by judges, all of whom are above the aim and reach of this reproach; and it is the high praise of judge Yeates, that he habitually lived above it. He implicitly followed the *majorum vestigia*; and no one can go wrong who treads in the steps of the great men that have adorned the common law of England.

One fruit of his industry, and of his love of certainty in the administration of the law, we see in the Reports before us: a collection made for his own guidance, and which are now given to the press by his legatee, Mr. Smith. They contain, in regular series, all the decisions of the supreme court, from the time he was called to that bench in 1791, until the commencement of Mr. Binney's Reports, together with several cases decided at *Nisi Prius*, and in the circuit courts some time since abolished: and according to the estimate of the publisher, will probably occupy three volumes.

The accuracy of all the cases in point of statement is unquestionable, and they are reported with great perspicuity. If the authority of any of them may be doubted, it can only be of a very few decided at *Nisi Prius*. Those decided in bank, the great body of the Reports, are supported by their intrinsic merit, as well as by the names of the two chief justices, M'Kean and Shippen, and of judge Yeates himself. Of chief justice M'Kean, it is already the business of our history to declare, that he was a man of vigorous intellect, deeply versed in the constitutional law of this country, and remarkable for both the force and perspicuity of his judgments. Chief justice Shippen was perhaps his superior in commercial law, and decidedly so in all that concerned the practice and process of the courts, of the reason and history of which, his knowledge was singularly accurate and extensive. Neither of them, however, had more of the *præterritorum memoria eventorum* than Mr. justice Yeates, or was better entitled to the praise of being *legibus patriæ optime institutus*. The decisions of these men gave value to the first volume of Reports that was published in the United States, a work that added something to our judicial reputation abroad, and has led the way to a signal improvement in our jurisprudence; for it cannot admit of question, that the numerous American Reports which have followed Mr. Dallas's first volume, have not only promoted a knowledge of the law, and given it both certainty and stability, where it would otherwise have continued to fluctuate, but have also raised the ambition of the bench, and thus entitled the judges of America to advance the loftiest pretensions to consideration and respect. Although this species of work has increased to what, in the apprehension of a frugal law-

yer, is an alarming extent, yet if such have been and continue to be its uses, no one should regret it. Where the court is well constituted, and the Reporter understands his business, every new volume is an accession not merely to the stock of professional learning, but to the security of personal liberty and private property.

ART. III.—*Letters from the South*, written during an excursion in the summer of 1816. By the author of John Bull and Brother Jonathan, &c. &c. *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* Horace. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE originality of thought—the brilliant effervescence of genius, flowing and happy expression, but above all the correct, liberal, and truly national opinions of this writer, have gained upon our affections and deserve notice. He has talents fitted to vindicate the literary fame of our country, and reading more extensive than usually belongs to those who rely upon the powers of a fertile imagination in works of this nature.

If he can bring the exuberance of his fancy under strict control—if he can prosecute his calmer researches of study and inquiry with the same happy success as he manifests in composition, we may regard him as the future pride of our literature, a support to its fame.

By fixing his attention upon domestic interests, he has wisely chosen the most proper sphere of his utility, and by directing his argument to matters that come home to every man's bosom and business, he is the more likely to be attended to. Blending instruction with amusement, is to dignify the walk of letters, and to confer upon it that just value, deprived of which, wit has few charms and eloquence is unmoving,—*simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ*.

Horace, in more than one place, has awarded the summit of his praise to those who mingle the *utile* with the *dulce*, and assumes to himself more than common merit for encouraging at his parties conversation of a rational kind, instead of gossip about neighbours and neighbours' concerns—matters, he observes, that do not properly belong to us.

The author has much merit for his classical allusions, which will always find admirers. We would recommend ancient literature to his frequent recurrence, as the foundation of a just taste, rather than perplexing himself about the opinion of modern critics or ephemeral prototypes, equally undeserving his notice. Addressing himself to an American public, he has no need of a foreign copy, without which he has ability enough to be independent and respectable. It is satisfactory to observe, that all the productions of this writer breathe the same genuine spirit, and we recognize in this, the same character that heretofore marked him as a pure unadulterated native genius. It is honourable to the public that they have passed a favourable judgment upon them. Indeed, few works of the day appeal more directly to the best feelings we possess. For our part, we could give the best ex-

cuse imaginable, if inclined to depart from the confines of truth for the purpose of over-praising any work, we mean, an entire coincidence of opinion with the author upon many of the subjects he has considered in the course of his peregrinations. His decided patriotism, his powerful national sentiment, and thorough contempt for little local prejudices—the high romantic opinion of his country that prevails throughout, must gain the approbation of all good citizens, and will probably make many friends in every state where his *Letters* shall reach.

The following will justify praise from every reader:

‘I have taken up an odd notion, that the people of the United States constitute one great nation; that whether a man be born east, west, north, or south, provided he is born within the limits of our country, he is still an American.

‘It is much to be wished that the people of the various divisions of the United States were a little more acquainted with each other, for, I am satisfied, they would like one another the better for it. At present, like the tenants of one of those amazing high houses in Edinburgh, that accommodate several families, though living, as it were, under the same roof, they have scarcely a speaking acquaintance. The impressions, which they long since took up on trust, with respect to each other, from ignorant or story-telling travellers, interested in deceiving or sporting with their credulity; the stories of horseracing, drinking, and gouging, on one hand, and of tricking and witch-burning on the other, that have passed current for a century or more, are still received as pictures of existing manners, though, even at any time, they were of rare occurrence, and very many of these practices are altogether extinct. The changes which succeed each other, in this camelion country, more rapidly than in any other part of the world, have, it would seem, passed unmarked and unrecorded, while the good people still continue to believe and tremble. The impressions of the natives here, with respect to those of the eastward, are still tinged with the remembrance of witch-burnings; and not a pious dame in our northern parts, that would not compound for her son coming back with one eye left, from an excursion into the back parts of the southern states.

‘Such foolish prejudices are worthy of honest John Bull, who, from time immemorial has believed that his neighbours, the French, eat frogs, and are destitute of religion, as well as of every manly and womanly virtue. But our people, who all read, and write, and think, and reason—some right—others wrong, ought to be ashamed of themselves, to believe so badly of their friends and neighbours. It is a foolish absurdity, even the product of national folly, or national antipathy, to assert, that cotemporary and neighbouring people, having the same lights of religion, living under similar laws, and enjoying, equally, the advantages of education, should be so essentially different in morals. They may differ, it is true, in manners; but there is no philosophical reason for their exhibiting a contrast of morals, or that one should be so much wiser or better than the other. I believe, if we place them fairly in comparison, with no interest to allure us astray, and no antipathies to tempt us from the truth, we shall find that an inferiority in one point will be met by a superiority in another; that, though they may differ in various respects, there is no general disparity; and that, on the whole, the scale remains equally balanced.’

When we examine an American literary production, the first thing we look to is, whether the author has adopted an English fashionable model or not; if he has, we then hasten to find whether he has drawn his characters, views, and opinions from the same source; and we confess that our good opinion of him is not improved if we discover that he has. Our best efforts in the literary walk are due to our own country, and we consider it a breach of duty to the republic of letters in America, to assist by servile conformity, the taste for every thing foreign in literature, now prevailing. The most apparent consequence of such a taste, is a state of colonization of intellect, and the critical opinions of the once mother country, are by some, deemed binding upon us in all cases whatsoever. It exposes us to misrepresentation, and is taken abroad as an undeniable proof that we want both talents and patriotism: though at the same time, if we deny the fact, it would puzzle almost any one of us to give a good reason, why two foreign reviews are always called upon to govern us in matters of a literary nature. The notice of new publications in our great cities, contains uniformly opinions of every work, extracted from the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Review*. It may be said in defence of this, that it is exceedingly convenient, and saves the Americans the trouble of thinking, and that we ought to be much obliged to Mr. Gifford or any body else, that would take so disagreeable and perplexing a matter off our hands. To be just, we seem to admit that the thing is reasonable enough, for whenever Mr. Gifford sends us a certificate that a book is to be read with safety, we give our perusal, perfectly satisfied; and it is not a little amusing to hear how exactly in unison the public expression and the English and Scotch reviewers are, with regard to most matters of a critical nature. An awkward state of feeling sometimes may arise, however, as in the instance of a work, such as the one before us. The *Edinburgh* lately has looked pleasantly enough* on American productions; but the *Quarterly*—wo to the author who presumes to think as he pleases on the subject of England, or who defies by name the *Quarterly Review*, and speaks disrespectfully of English button makers, and Cossack pantaloons. The offence cannot be forgiven, and we have no doubt but that the reviewer, when he comes to notice these letters, will compare the temerity of the author in provoking the attack, to that of the ingenious Irish gentleman who undertook to stop the explosion of a cannon with his wig.

‘ At ——— I received a letter from you, dated almost a month ago, which I must answer forthwith. In the first place, you accuse me of hostility to English people and English literature, because I believe, I hope with becoming feeling, of the unceasing attempts of a great number of British writers, to injure the reputation of our countrymen and government in the eyes of the world. I disclaim the imputation of any other but defensive hostility; at the same time, I assure you, I am neither

* See the review of Franklin's *Private Correspondence* in the *Edinburgh Review*.

ashamed of feeling indignant at their calumnies, nor afraid of expressing my indignation. Whether abuse of the people of this country, its manners, morals, and literature, is a popular subject or not; or whether it assures to the calumniator the patronage of government, I am not able to say; but certain it is, that there is hardly a newspaper or political pamphlet, published in that country, favourable to the ministerial side, that does not in some part of it contain a repetition of splenetic effusions against us. If the Reviewers get hold of an American publication, it is made use of merely as a pretext to calumniate us in some way or other; and one of the most celebrated of the Reviews seems to have been established for hardly any other purpose, than to libel America and France. It is called the *Quarterly Review*, and being rather an obscure, contemptible kind of a Billingsgate production, would hardly merit attention, were it not for its propensity to general and indiscriminate abuse of any body the ministers dislike. In times less enlightened than the present, political satire and abuse were generally confined to newspapers and pamphlets, and the title of the article corresponded with the subject. It is the peculiar boast of this age, that criticism should have been enlisted into the service of party, and that a critic can now snugly vent his spleen upon a whole people, or party, in reviewing a book, which has nothing to do with the subject. What is perhaps still more extraordinary, many of the most enlightened people of this country, do actually pay attention to the judgment of these impartial critics, and not unfrequently make up their minds, as to the merits of a book, on the decision of these competent judges. Don't mistake me, in supposing that I mean to say, their decisions are never founded on the real merits of a book; I will do them the justice to say, that if they have no particular antipathy to an author—if the subject of his work does not in the remotest degree affect the ministry, or go to advocate the abolition of the office of inspector-general of pipes—if, in short, the work has nothing to do with the favourite opinions of the Reviewers—it is just as likely as not, that he will give a tolerable judgment; provided he don't forget the book altogether, in the pleasure of hearing himself abuse the Americans.

'Great Britain, as well as the more enlightened portion of this country, is now rent and divided into two great factions, marshalled under the banners of the two great Reviewers, one carrying the sway over Scotland, the other over England and Wales; the first sometimes mistaken, but willing to retract; vide Lord Byron; the latter, always tenacious in opinion, especially when he is in the wrong, and only to be deterred from the repetition of old calumnies, by the refreshing temptation of new ones.

'This gentleman was once a cabin-boy in a Newcastle collier; and I should disdain to mention this to his disparagement, had not he deserted his cast, and become the enemy and calumniator of the very class of people from whence he derived his birth, ever since he became superintendent of pipes, and wrote esquire to his name. There was lately in N—— a sea-captain under whom the Reviewer served his apprenticeship, who told several amusing anecdotes of the little fellow. Among other matters he mentioned his pertinacity, in sticking to a calumny, when once he had given it utterance, and the invincible obstinacy with which he resisted the application of a rope's end, which was generally employed to get the truth out of him. The honest captain moreover averred, that he was the ugliest, snarling, captious, troublesome little

cabin-boy he ever had in his ship; and that his ungovernable hostility to the Americans, arose from his having once been terribly flogged by a Yankey sailor at Wapping.

‘To award that justice he has never awarded us, I will do him the credit to say, that amid all the disadvantages of his situation, he managed to cultivate learning, insomuch that he at length gained the notice of some munificent gentleman, who sent him to the university, where he excited attention, not so much for being a great scholar, as being a great scholar considering he was brought up a cabin-boy.

‘Among those who were smitten with wonder at such a phenomenon, was Earl Grosvenor, a nobleman who, being immensely rich, had little occasion for any extraordinary portion of understanding. It struck his lordly capacity, that it was a most wonderful thing for a man, who was neither a lord nor a gentleman born, to have either common sense or common feeling. So he took him under his protection, brought him into notice, and continued his patron to the end of his life. The moment he got among lords, he began to assume all the airs of a man of high aristocratic birth, tacked esquire to his name, and on all occasions expressed his utter contempt for democrats and common people. This is ever the case with men of low and grovelling minds, who are continually reminding us of their former insignificance, by their ill-bred arrogance when fortune smiles. He wrote a poem, now gone down to oblivion; one of those productions which acquire celebrity, not from their own merits, but the demerits of those they are aimed at. It gave the finishing blow to the miserable Della Cruscans however, and the embryo Reviewer strutted about in triumph, like a little school-boy, when he has made the frogs duck their heads and be quiet, by throwing a pebble in a pond; or more appropriately, like Don Quixote when he had utterly discomfitted the wool-clad host of Trapoban. About this time he made a furious attack on the French revolution, while presiding over the Antijacobin Review, where he played the part of “moonshine” to Mr. Canning, the sun by whose reflected light he shone. The next time he came before the public, was as the translator of Juvenal. In order to make room for this, he began by finding fault with all preceding translators; being, I suppose, resolved to raise his own work by bringing others below its level. The harsh and overweening arrogance of this preface, was worthy the editor of the Quarterly Review, which, if I mistake not, praised it, either from a fellow feeling arising from similarity of character, or because the translator of Juvenal was at that time editor of the Review. The world has probably forgotten these circumstances; for it is a peculiarity of this writer, that whatever he does, after having provoked a temporary indignation or contempt, sinks quietly into oblivion, or is only brought into public notice by some more heinous misdemeanor. He resembles a convict, whose petty rogueries are only brought to light by more serious offences, which at last bring him to the halter, where they all come out in his last dying speech.

‘Since this fortunate, or rather unfortunate gentleman, has become the high priest of public opinion in England, the inspector-general of tobacco-pipes, he has attracted the attention of the people of this country, pretty much in the same way. His name would probably never have been heard in this wide western hemisphere, and certainly never would have been honoured by the contempt of a great majority of the Americans, who have chanced to hear of him, had he not as it were forced himself into our notice, like a little irritable cur, by following us around,

barking and biting our heels, until we are tempted to turn and kick the puppy, for his obtrusive impertinence and persevering ill nature. Every thing written by this doughty esquire is marked by the characteristics of his early vulgar associations; his reprehensions are vulgar abuse; his wit is of the true fore-castle smack; his satire is calumny; his humour of the genuine coal-heaver stamp, and his criticism partakes of that coarse harshness, which almost always distinguishes a low man, raised by fortune rather than merit, to a height he neither sustains by his dignity, nor adorns by his modest worth.

‘It is from the influence of opinions coming to us under the sanction of such a person, that I would wish to see my countrymen entirely freed. While I feel gratitude for the instruction, the pleasure, the delight, which I have derived, and still derive, from the productions of British genius: while I look up to the writers of former days, as the rich fountain from whence my mind derived its earliest nourishment, I neither consider my obligations to extend to a respect for the opinions of a pert and splenetic hireling, or to a quiet acquiescence in his abuse, although he is the countryman of Shakspeare and Goldsmith. While I reverence and admire these latter, I do not see any special reason why all the Grub-street writers of England, should receive our admiration, and challenge the privilege of reviling us, merely because they happen to be their countrymen.’

In good truth, our author seems not much to care what is said about his opinions; for, let the subject be what it may, he gives his views of it without hesitation. Charitable associations, missionaries, banks, beggars, ’tis all one to him. We love him, however, for this very indifference, and frankness; for his superlatively good humoured and candid way of giving us his thoughts; and, whenever he gets upon the subject of his own country, or in other words, “mounts his hobby,” we cannot resist the inclination to jump up behind him. Still, however, it is when he is serious, and quits local subjects, that we recognize his greatest power as a writer; his descriptions of nature, and the feelings arising from the contemplation of her striking features, are given with a force and feeling highly poetical; and wherever the subject is touching, or what is called a “tender one,” the author is always true to himself, and never languishes, or is tame.

Some of the letters have already appeared in this Magazine, vol. 9, under the title of “Letters from Virginia,” and to these we refer our readers for more ample specimens of the author’s general style in this production; the following extract may serve to show his prevailing cast of description.

‘The third, and I think the finest view of all, is from one of the green hills back of the little village, on which there is a small wooden building, called the magazine. It discloses the windings of the Potomac above, where it becomes a quiet stream, clear and smooth, contrasted with its rough tumultuous course below; and combines a view of the whole chasm, and opening vista, with a distant amphitheatre of mountains, far in the west, rising one above the other, and presenting in their mellowing shades, and harmonious, undulating outlines, images of peace and repose. To sooth the mind in the midst of this wreck of nature, there is a canal on either side of the Potomac. The banks of that on

the Virginia side affords a most romantic walk, rendered interesting by the rough passage of the river on one side, and the broken cliffs overhanging the other. Under one of these ledges stands a small white cottage, so singularly picturesque as to deserve a description. It is built in a pretty taste, and is literally canopied by a projecting ledge of rock, the top of which being flat, there is a little garden on the top of it, in which I observed rose-bushes and beds of flowers. Before it is a little grass plat bordered by the canal. Will not the muse of this new world, think you, one day or other, awaken in these beautiful scenes, and illustrate them in strains that will make classical at some future period, like those of Greece, Italy, and Scotland? The same beauty ought to inspire the same enthusiasm every where; and the same enthusiasm will sooner or later produce the same effects. As yet we have not struck the harp whose strings vibrate in unison with the cords of our hearts. The genius that has awakened in our country is not the genius of America, but a mongrel imitative creature, expatriated in his affections, and incapable of connecting the poetry of the country with the feelings, attachments, and associations of the people for whom he affects to write. But the time will come, when some chosen genius will find the secret of obtaining a reputation coexistent with the duration of this country; not so much by writing better poetry than other men, as by the addressing his lines to the hearts of his countrymen. He who wishes for a lasting fame, must write for his countrymen, and not for foreign critics.'

Some of the author's portraits remind us of Steele's Papers in the Spectator. They display similar capacity of discrimination, and a talent for portraying character more chaste than is common amongst us.

'The city of Richmond deserves to have a song written about it, as well as Richmond-hill, where lived a lass, in England; and were I a poet, it should not be without it twenty-four hours. It is beautifully situated, just on the line of division between the region of sea-sand, and of river alluvious, and at the foot of James River rapids. Above, the river foams and roars among the rocks; below, it winds gently and quietly through a sweet landscape of meadows, and golden harvest fields. It was once, and until lately, inhabited principally by a race of most ancient and respectable planters, having estates in the country, who chose it for their residence for the sake of social enjoyment. They formed a society, which, I am sorry to say, is now seldom to be met with in any of our cities: I mean a society of people, not exclusively monopolized by money-making pursuits, but of liberal education, liberal habits of thinking and acting, and possessing both leisure and inclination to cultivate those feelings, and pursue those objects, which exalt our nature, rather than increase our fortune. I am however one of those who, like honest Candide, think all things happen for the best, and that this is the best of all possible worlds. I therefore don't actually quarrel with the money-getting spirit that pervades all our great cities, to the utter exclusion of the encouragement of literature, except so far as it is necessary to pen an advertisement. It makes men rich, if not liberal and enlightened: and in places where wealth is synonymous with virtue and intellect, it may, for aught I know, answer in lieu of both. I shall never forget how the good alderman, your father, dropt his knife and fork, one day, when I asserted at his table, that ———, the great merchant, who was actually president of a bank, and had the credit of being worth millions,

was, in feeling, intellect, and action, no better than a pedlar. The alderman looked at me as if I had abused general Washington or the Bible; and I have never sat at the good man's table since. But without exactly quarrelling with that sordid disposition, or that ostentatious, yet vulgar profusion, which in general actuates the people of our great cities, to the exclusion of every nobler pursuit, and all rational economy; still I may venture to lament its universality. In days of yore, Plutus, although he shone in gold and precious stones, hid himself in the bowels of the earth; but now he is seen clothed in ragged bank-notes, taking precedence every where in the city drawing-rooms. There is now no place where a knot of harmless people of moderate fortune can sit down in the undisturbed enjoyment of social ease, or the cultivation of literature and science, free from the intrusion of tobacco, tar, pitch, potash, and cod-fish; sandahs, baftas, buglipoor, and all the jargon of East India commodities. If they have a moderate competency, they are beset by greedy beggars, who, by dint of perseverance, at length tempt them to engage in some profitable speculation, which draws them gradually from their former pursuits, and ingulfs them for ever in the vortex of gain.

‘In fact, no young man, now-a-days, at least in our commercial places, thinks of sitting down quietly in the enjoyment of wealth, and the cultivation of those elegant pursuits which adorn our nature, and exalt a country. Sometimes, indeed, he becomes what is called a gentleman, that is to say, he abandons every useful or honourable pursuit, and either lounges away a contemptible existence in doing nothing, or in doing what he ought not to have done. But the most common fate of young men, in our part of the world, who inherit great fortunes is, to set about making them greater. They seem never to think of the enjoyment of that lofty independence, which is the lot of the young man of wealth who retires to the enjoyment of what has been left him by his fathers. They seem to think there is no alternative between absolute idleness, and absolute devotion to business: nor do they appear to recollect, that the noblest employment of wealth is, to do good with it, and employ the leisure it bestows in the pursuit of knowledge, rather than the accumulation of superfluous riches, which they will not bestow on others, and know not how to enjoy themselves.

‘These sentiments are exemplified in the case of our two school-fellows, H—— and D——, both of whom, at about the age of three and twenty, inherited fortunes that would have been ample in any part of the world, and were well educated. H——, who was always turning a penny at school, and cried his eyes out once at losing a sixpence through a crack in the floor of the school, on receiving his fortune, began to look out for bargains; and put himself under the tuition of one of the most experienced *shavers* of the city, to learn all the wretched debasing arts of the trade. In this way he grew richer and richer; and meaner and meaner. If he gave a great dinner, from pure ostentation, he starved his household, while he was eating the dinners given him in turn. He kept a carriage; but it cost him more in whips than in hay, and he saved the expense of his stable in his kitchen. He became at last a great man, according to the city acceptance—for he was a director of a half-broken insurance company, and bank; every body looked up to him, not because he *would*, but because he *could* be of service to them, and the president of one of the banks was heard to say publicly one day, that he believed that H—— was one of the most moneyed men in the city. Thus

he lived, and thus will he die, without ever having conceived even the abstract idea of any pursuit, but that of money, money, money; or any enjoyment but in its accumulation.

‘But little D——, on the contrary, was determined to be a gentleman, according to the fashionable idea of the present day in our cities. As he was to be rich, there was no occasion for him to know any thing—but how to enjoy it like a gentleman. He accordingly took his degree as the first dunce in the college; and the first thing he did on coming to the possession of nearly half a million, was to send out his measure for a suit of clothes to a London taylor. He forthwith enlisted himself under some tavern bucks, and strutted up and down —— with a surtout which saved the corporation the trouble of sweeping the streets—was seen every where at public places and parties, without doing any thing but yawn at the one, and stand in every body’s way in the other, eating pickled oysters. His estimate of a party, where a man of feeling and refinement would go to enjoy elegant society, and rational amusement, was always founded on the quantity of porter, wine, and pickled oysters handed round. Never was he known on any occasion, to do any one thing either pleasing or useful—and, of course, in a little time he attained to the reputation of a fine gentleman; because, as he never did any thing, he must needs be so; employment being unworthy that high character. Some of the best bred people doubted his pretensions, until he thought of finding fault with every thing he heard and saw, when the opinion of his high breeding became unanimous.

‘Whether the people got tired of him, or he grew tired of the people, I don’t exactly know; but in order to get a new gloss, he went abroad, staid six months, and came back vastly improved; for he found this country more intolerable than ever—a sure sign of excessive refinement, especially as he made a point of proclaiming his opinion aloud at all parties. When I was last at N—— I saw him in a book-store, reading a book upside down, and dressed as follows: to wit, one little hat, with a steeple crown; one pair of corsetts; one coat, so tight he could just breathe; one pair of pantaloons, so immeasurably wide and loose you could hardly tell whether they were petticoats or not; I don’t recollect the residue of his costume—but his hair came out from beneath his hat like an ostrich’s tail, and he stuck out behind like the African Venus. No doubt the ladies found him quite irresistible.

‘One might moralize and speculate on what had been the different estimation of these young men, at least hereafter, had they pursued a course becoming their fortune and education, and devoted themselves to a useful or brilliant career. Had they employed part of their fortunes, and their leisure, in adorning their minds, and encouraging a taste for refined, elegant, and scientific pursuits. Although perhaps they might not have attained to any lofty eminence, they would have become associated, at least with those that were eminent. They might have become their patrons, if not their equals, and attained to a blameless, nay, noble immortality, as the munificent encouragers of genius; instead of being in their lives, the contempt of the virtuous and the wise; and in their deaths, the companions of oblivion.’

The author is peculiarly happy in his talent for serious reflection combined with the enjoyment of rural scenery. His sentiments on the importance of the Sabbath as a day of rest—its observance in a moral and political point of view—the obligation of

its duties, as essential to the well being of society, are expressed with the fervour of a true Christian, and all the elegance of a man of letters.

‘In return for the interesting information conveyed in your letter, you ask me more questions than I can answer in six months. One of these has diverted me so much, that in pure gratitude for the amusement it afforded, I will take it in hand forthwith. I am sure aunt Kate put it into your wise head. You ask me seriously if there are any churches in this part of the world; and whether people ever go to church here, except when they are carried to be buried? I did not mention to you my stopping the Sunday before last at a rambling village, where I was smitten with the sight of a little church, for the purpose of attending the service. I generally keep these things to myself, for I think that a man who talks always about his religion is pretty much on a par with one who does the same of his honesty. I would’nt trust either quite as far as I could see him. But I will now answer your question by telling you all about it.

‘You must know that after riding about a dozen miles before breakfast one Sunday morning, we came to a village, at the end of which there was a little neat stone church, almost buried in a wood of lofty oaks, under which there was a green lawn without any underwood. It reminded me of an old familiar scene of early days, and also of a great duty; and after breakfast we went with our good landlady to church. The pew was close by an open window, out of which you could see through the opening trees a little clear river. Farther on a broad expanse of green meadow—beyond that a far-fading mountain—and above it a bright blue sky. What a path for a man’s thoughts to ascend to heaven! Nothing was heard but the chirping of birds, peeping sometimes into the window; or the cautious footsteps of the villagers, creeping up the aisle, until the service commenced.

‘The hymn was sung first, and began with, “There is a land of pure delight,” &c. and was sung with that plaintive simplicity we sometimes notice in the ballad of a country lad, of a summer’s evening. The appearance of the preacher was as simple as his discourse; and there was nothing to mark any peculiarity, except a Scottish accent that announced his parentage. There was no need of his proclaiming the beneficence, or power of the Divinity, for the balmy air, the glowing sunshine, the rich and plenteous fields, that lay spread around as far as the eye could reach, told of the one; while the lofty mountains, visible in every direction, proclaimed the other. He left the attributes of the Deity to be read in his glorious works, and with simple pathos, called on his hearers to show their gratitude for his dispensations, by the decency, usefulness, and peacefulness of their lives. His precepts denounced no innocent recreation, and I was told his example encouraged no vice or irregularity—not even the besetting sin of his profession, pride and arrogance. He ended his discourse without any theatrical flourish of trumpets—without seeking to *elevate* the Saviour by placing him above Socrates or any other heathen philosopher; and I believe without creating in his hearers any other feeling than that of a gentle quiet sentiment of devotion, not so high toned, but more lasting and salutary than mere enthusiasm. Another hymn was sung, and the audience came out of church, but waited on either side of the path outside the door, to shake hands and say how d’ye do, as is the good old country custom.

‘There was nothing certainly in all this, but what may be seen in almost

any church, and yet it made an impression on me that is still pleasing and touching in the remembrance. I don't know how it is, but there is something in the repose of the country, and particularly in the silence and shade of deep groves, that is allied to religious emotions by some inscrutable tie. Perhaps it is because almost every object we see in the country is the work of Deity, and every object common to cities the work of man. Though we do not make the comparison consciously, yet the result is the same; or perhaps much more forcible, because the impression is that of feeling, rather than of reasoning.

‘If I doubted the divinity of the Christian faith, which I do not, seeing as I do the influence of its pure morality, its humane, and benignant, and softening precepts, I would never whisper of doubt. Independently of the sad effects that would result from weakening the foundation of this system of morals, in the minds of those who have not capacity to perceive its importance to the happiness of society, and therefore follow it from a conviction of its divine origin, the attempt would deservedly end in disgrace and discomfiture. None but a vain and foolish man would, therefore, undertake the task of weakening the force of any of those beneficial opinions, which, if not founded in truth, are at least necessary to the well-being of society. The ignorant will oppose him from the influence of an old established habit of thinking, and the wise from a conviction of the salutary effect of such impressions.

‘Nothing can more completely show the importance of religion, not only to the morals but the manners of the great mass of mankind, than the contrast afforded by a village where there is regular service every Sabbath-day, and one where there is none. In the former you see a different style of manners entirely. Instead of lounging at a tavern, dirty and unshaven, the men are seen decently dressed and shaved, for the purpose of going to church; and the women exhibiting an air of neatness quite attractive. Whether they go to church to pray, or pass their time, to see their neighbours and be seen, or to show off their Sunday clothes; it keeps them from misusing the Sabbath, and polluting the periods of rest and relaxation, by practices either injurious to themselves or disgraceful to society. Whoever has become acquainted with the nature of man, first by his own experience, and next by an observation of others, must be fully convinced of the importance of giving him amusements that are not vicious, and modes of relaxation that are innocent. “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy”—so does it make him a dull and stupid man. Men, in truth, cannot always be employed; and those who are unable to supply the tedium of bodily inertness, by the exercise of the mind, will—I say *will*, amuse themselves in some way or other. If you afford them the means of attending church on the Sabbath—the most dangerous day of the week, because a day of idleness—whatever be their motives for going there, both their morals and their manners will be softened, by having some object for decency in dress and behaviour; and something salutary to attract them in the dangerous interregnum of a day of leisure.’

The observations on the profession of the law are so acute, ingenious and forcible that we only regret he did not make it the subject of more than one brief letter. It is rarely we meet with so much intelligence—and still rarer, a disposition to communicate the overflowings of a rich understanding.

At parting we have only to recommend to the author a more

guarded restraint over the powers of his fancy, and to remember that genius requires checks in proportion to its sallies. Let him inculcate respect for seminaries of learning wherever happily they are found, and uphold that great concern of education, to which he himself owes his celebrity. With these admonitions, which we hope will be received in the same spirit of good will with which they are expressed, we take our leave of two interesting little volumes, trusting the author will mature with experience, and adopt this as a future motto—"delectando pariterque monendo." He may then expect something more than a fleeting popularity, by conveying permanent good in the most insinuating form.

ART. IV.—*The Bridal of Vaumond*—a Metrical Romance, &c. New York. 1817.

A MERICAN manufactures of all descriptions, it would seem, do not succeed when of the finer kind. We bring our coarse woollens and cottons into competition with those of Europe, with very fair success; but the finer qualities are sure to be met and undersold by foreign goods of a better kind. We do our best, too, to imitate the English in their composition and dyes, and even in "the cut" of their patterns; but whether it be owing to our real unskilfulness, or to the prejudice in favour of those which have crossed the Atlantic, certain it is, that they do not command as ready a sale as the European manufactures. This peculiarity appears to extend even to the literary mart which, like every other, has its finer and coarser species of production. The great literary staple of the country seems to be the newspaper, on which much talent is exercised and wasted, which, if brought to a focus, would appear far more striking and respectable than it does. Next come the pamphlets and magazines; many of which, to use the expression of "the trade," are "got up" in as good a style as those of the great emporium of taste and talent. These, and a few scattered tours and popular histories, succeed very well: but when we come to the higher and finer branches of the literary art, and especially that of poetry, we exhibit a most striking inferiority to our transatlantic rivals. Whether it be that we are deficient in the materials, or as in the case of other manufactured goods, that we are wanting in a knowledge of those finer essences which constitute the great charm of the composition, American poetry does not seem, (to use the language of the prices current,) to be in much request.

Here now is a piece of goods "got up" after the very last English fashion; the author of which appears not merely to have chosen the same materials, but to have copied, with admirable fidelity, the style and colouring, in various places, of our great transatlantic idols. The whole effect, to be sure, has some resemblance to patch-work; for we have in one place a strand of expressions, à la Scott, and in another à la Byron; and like the Chinese artist, our author has copied both defects and beauties: yet upon the whole it has been done with such exemplary skill, that were it not

for two or three modest hints, we should certainly have purchased it as an article of genuine English manufacture. In spite of this imposing appearance we fear it will not be very popular, and that the author will experience the truth of the old proverb, that "when two men ride on horseback, one must ride behind." Scott and Byron have each their respective hobbies; and it is much to be feared, that whosoever gets astride of the same animals will be forced to take the back ground. It is indeed a melancholy fact, as our author more than hints, that, (in the words of Clifton,)

"beneath these shifting skies,
Where genius sickens, and where fancy dies,"

poetry is not rewarded as it deserves to be: and we are sorely afraid that he is not destined to be an exception to the general rule. If this unfortunately shall be the case, we fear it must be attributed to his subject and style, rather than to the unlucky circumstance of his having been born within the limits of the republic. For addicted as our reading population is to the laudable custom of admiring every thing which has crossed the Atlantic, still it has sometimes exhibited a little nausea at finding the same kind of dish served up by American cooks, without the alteration of a single ingredient; and that when so boundless a variety of home materials was before them. The unrivalled beauty and sublimity of our scenery, our majestic waters, and more than Grecian heaven, the contrast between the extreme civilization of the Atlantic, and the wild barbarism of our western frontier; and the moral splendour of our history, offer themes for a poet, which unfortunately the "untravelled taste" of the natives, though considerably improved by foreign reviews, and by the residence among us of the distinguished literati of Manchester and Glasgow, is still predisposed to admire. But, with all these, we have, unfortunately, in this matter-of-fact country, neither "donjons," nor "samoons," nor "siroccos," nor "lairs," nor "volcanos," nor "gazelles." We have neither knights, nor pages, nor eremites, nor friars, black, white, or gray; and our "gentles," though sufficiently robust, are not exactly "stalwart," nor are our criminals quite "unassoiled." In short, we want all the requisites of *fashionable* poetry, and as in venturing into our untried ocean, he could derive no assistance from from these and the like land-marks, our author has very wisely resolved, we think, "to hug the shore" of the Mediterranean, as he is pleased to express it. True it is, that Horace bestows no mean share of praise on those of his own countrymen who had the courage

"vestigia Græca
deserere et celebrare domestica facta;"

yet when it is considered that in so doing, an author would be forced to give up all the old stock of materials which are ready seasoned for his purpose, and venture upon what may turn out very frail supports of his edifice, we must acknowledge that it is the safest plan to tread in the beaten track.

It has often happened to authors to be intuitively, as it were, acquainted with their own merit, and to foresee that future suc-

cess which the cold neglect of the world denied them when living. Thus Ovid predicts the deathless nature of his poems; and Milton, who was only known in his day as "a blind man and a republican," foretells, in confident terms, his final exaltation. With all the weight, however, of such authorities in favour of a modest self-confidence, we confess we were somewhat startled at the very outset of the "*Bridal of Vaumond*," by finding the author's opinion of himself expressed without reserve in the preface. "After this candid confession," says he, "he states, not by way of apology, but to give his readers *fair data to form their estimate of his ability*, that he is yet a youth, and, among the rhymers of the day, '*a childe*,' in a legal, as well as in a poetical sense of the term." Now, as, according to our understanding of the word, "*childe*" signifies *a knight*, both in "a legal and poetical sense," we feel considerable apprehension lest some of the carping critics of the day, whom our author pleasantly describes as

"School-boy reviewers, mountebanks of sense,
"Who never blundered thro' their accidence,"

should be inclined to require farther proof beside his mere *ipse dixit* of his having obtained the honour of poetical knighthood. We trust, however, he will not be cast down by such ill-natured incredulity, satisfied, as he is pleased to intimate, that "if there be any of the *disjecti membra poetæ*, he must be encouraged—it sera bientôt deterré." By which '*membra disjecti poetæ*' we presume he means something of the same kind as Polonius did, when he spake of the "limbs and outward flourishes of wit."

The poem which follows this display of learning, is divided into three parts, each part containing four "scenes." To each of these parts is prefixed an introductory epistle, written with exemplary fidelity after the manner of those in *Marmion*; the "proem" and "conclusion" being apparently from "a study," (as the painters call it) of the noble leader of the present "irritable genus." The scene which the author has chosen, we think with great judgment, as it is apropos to volcanos, lava, and such convenient similes, is the island of Sicily. The time, we conjecture, from some loose hints, to be about the twelfth century. This we also take to be a proof of the poet's art, as many useful personages, the race of which has since become extinct, are supposed to have flourished about that period, to the great benefit of many of the writers of this age. But the author's great talent, we think, is shown in the conception and management of his plot, of which we shall present a brief outline to our readers. A certain peasant of Sicily, it seems, had the misfortune to be the father of a very misshapen and deformed son, with "huge feet, crooked legs, and goggle eyes," as he facetiously describes him. This interesting being, in pure despite to nature, entered into articles of agreement with certain spirits of the mountains, by which, for a valuable consideration, he assigned and set over to them, all his right, title, and interest in the Christian faith; and forthwith, by their magic, is transform-

ed into a gay and gallant knight, bearing about him, like Macbeth, "a charmed life," but liable to a dissolution of the charm, by uniting in any of the ceremonies of the church. Having put on the new man, it seems he was very successful in his amours, particularly with the daughter of a certain count Gonsalvo. The exordium opens with a song of the spirits, who are assembled for the composition of a charm, which, as usual, is effected by means of a broth, the ingredients of which are pretty much the same with those generally employed on like occasions. Vaumond (for that is the name of our author's renegade hero) receives the charm, though we are sorry to say he does not evince much gratitude, and retires from the cave. The next canto, or scene, as the author calls them, introduces us to the acquaintance of the fair Isabel, who, it seems, was kept awake either by love or something else, and resolves to "forth and walk a while." During her ramble by the sea shore, she has a glimpse of a vision, which turns out to be a kind of prophetic magic lantern, at which she marvels much, turns in again, and soon drops asleep; her love it seems, or whatever else was the disorder, being relieved by the ramble. Then follows a tournament, by which we see that Vaumond, and a certain gallant knight named Lodowick, are competitors for the lady's smiles; the latter appears to be the favourite, but unfortunately comes off second best in the combat, and leaving the field to his rival, takes a pensive stroll by the river side, where he falls in with a fair page, who tells a plausible story; and Lodowick remembering that he is engaged to dine with somebody, and having, we suppose, a pretty good appetite after his exercise, breaks off his conference abruptly. The second part opens with an account of this banquet, at which we find our old friend Vaumond, who, merely for asking Miss Isabel to dance with him, is, we must say, rather rudely treated by Lodowick, who, in the presence of the lady, and several others, challenges him to a combat the next day, which is accepted by the other. The next day, however, instead of the conflict taking place, to the great disappointment of the fair Isabel we presume, the *gallant* Lodowick is not to be found, and his character, as may be supposed, does not gain by the proceeding. The heroine, who we suppose was of the old opinion, that "none but the brave deserve the fair," immediately, it seems, closes with the offer of Vaumond, and indeed appears to have yielded, with singular facility, to the addresses of the enemy of her lover, for we find her in a very critical situation in a bower with him, when the page unfortunately enters. The çidevant lover, in the mean time, had been suffering all the pangs of "durance vile," having been carried off the night preceding the intended combat, by some singular beings, with iron arms, and shut up in a cavern, where he finds himself in the neighbourhood of strange noises, and learns some of the mysteries of Hecate, discovering inter alia, that his old enemy Vaumond is a member of the lodge. He is at length relieved by a very convenient earthquake, and sallies forth in search of his former acquaintance, when he falls in

with an old gentleman who sings a very facetious song about the deformities of his own son, by which we gather that he is the father of Vaumond. In the mean time Isabel, it seems, was on the point of taking Vaumond for her spouse, but did not much fancy the looks of the parson by whom they were to be made one, nor the general aspect of affairs in the wedding room; and we must say, that considering her apparent temperament, she displayed great prudence. The priest turns out to be a sham one, being, it seems, one of Vaumond's satanic friends, dressed up for the purpose; and the service is about being performed in a very unchristian style, when another earthquake (we believe) intervenes; "the fiend priest" vanishes, and she finds herself on the plain, supported by "two stranger serfs," who, of course, can be no other than her old lover, and his ballad-singing acquaintance. "Tendimus in Latium" now, for Lodowick challenges Vaumond again to the combat, and having grown a little wiser since his former non-suit, now requires his rival to swear that he is not assisted by magic, which he refuses to do. A conflict ensues between Lodowick and the spectators on one side, and Vaumond and his legion of devils on the other, when Vaumond, having "bent" to a blow of Lodowick, is immediately changed to his former state of a decrepid elf, and vanishes in a huff. The story concludes with the union of Lodowick with the tender-hearted Isabel, who, indeed, seems to have had no particular objection to committing matrimony with any body. Such is the plot which our ingenious author has contrived for that worthy part of the literary community who love to read late at night, and to feel time, place, and circumstance harmonize with the horrors of their book. To such, we can with confidence recommend this little volume, satisfied that they will either find much to their taste in its contents, or that after perusing it they will enjoy that pleasing repose which the author seems to anticipate, when he wishes, (and which we heartily join,)

—————"God speed to all,
On whom slumber's lightsome links may fall."

To speak seriously, however, of the author and his book, notwithstanding the affectations and plagiarisms with which the *Bridal of Vaumond* is rife, we still think it displays some power of fancy, and considerable talent for versification. The introductory epistles, where he speaks after his own manner, and does not servilely copy foreign poetry, are the best part of the book, and in one of them he exhibits very respectable powers of description. We recommend to him in his next poem to abjure the heresy of witchcraft and magic, to discard affectation of language, and to be less addicted "jurare in verba magistri." He is evidently capable of appreciating and representing our natural scenery: all that is wanting is to give it a moral interest. At present our history is unnoticed, and our landscape neglected:

"Carent quia vate sacro."

ART. V.—*Books Republished.*

1. *The Hero, or the Adventures of a Night*—a romance. Translated from the Arabic into Iroquise, &c. Philadelphia. 1817.
2. *The Itinerant, or Memoirs of an Actor*. Part II. 3 vols. Philadelphia. 1817.
3. *The Balance of Comfort, or the Old Maid and Married Woman*—a novel, by Mrs. Ross, author of the *Marchioness*, &c. New York. 1817.
4. *The Knight of St. John*—a romance, by Miss Anna Maria Porter, author of the *Recluse of Norway*. 2 vols. Philadelphia. 1817.
5. *Letters from the Cape of Good Hope in Reply to Mr. Warden, with Extracts from the Great Work now compiling for publication under the inspection of Napoleon.*

THERE probably never was a period in which such a variety of dishes was presented to the literary epicure as at present. Whatever we may think of the solidity and permanence of the current literature, certain it is, that no palate need now remain ungratified for want of a choice. From the voluminous history and ponderous epic, down to the lighter kinds under notice, and which may perhaps not improperly be termed the side-dishes of the literary feast, every description of English book is republished in this country, and not a month passes over our heads without an addition of at least a dozen novelties to each course. Ten years ago, we believe, it was considered a very adventurous thing in a bookseller to republish an English work, unless perchance it were a geography or a grammar, without a subscription list well filled, and the previous sanction of the English reviewers. Now, scarcely a book on any popular subject is published in England, but immediately on its arrival here it goes to the American press, and is generally in the hands of the American reader in less than three months after its first appearance in England.

When so much is brought out, it is natural to suppose there must be a considerable difference of quality; and it is sometimes our fate to peruse *poetry*, which nothing but the proverbial patience of a Reviewer could wade through; sometimes to endure what is intended for wit, but which certainly must have been generated in an English fog. The republications, on the whole, are creditable to the taste of the public and to the good sense of the publishers: and we are happy to observe from some late announcements in the newspapers, indications of a demand for the more useful and substantial works of good old times.

Of the publications, the titles of which we have prefixed to this article, the first is intended, as far as we have been able to develop the author's meaning, for a *humorous* satire on certain romances which were formerly in great request at the circulating libraries. Unfortunately, however, for the author, the jest has come too late. Horrors, like "damns," (as Acres says) "have had their day." The public attention has taken another and a more le-

grievous turn, thanks to Miss Edgeworth and the author of *Waverley*: the bandittis and Schedonis of the "mighty magician of Udolpho" had already faded into nothing before the gipsies and fishermen of the Scottish Shakspeare; and we now no more expect to see a ghost, when we open a novel, than in passing a church yard. We fear, too, that the author of "the Hero" wants other requisites for success. There is no kind of weapon apparently more simple, but at the same time more difficult to manage properly, than ridicule; and we can conceive no situation more mortifying than for a writer who thinks he has been very facetious, to find his readers of quite another opinion. Such, we suspect, will be the fate of the author of the Hero. We have really seldom met with a work quite so dull and so devoid of the most remote resemblance to wit or even humour. We are truly grateful that it is of foreign manufacture, and are persuaded that the very worst of our home writers would be ashamed of fathering such a production.

The *Itinerant* is the continuation of a work under the same name, which was published a few years since, and professes to be an account of the life and adventures of a performer named Ryley, who has, it seems, been strutting and fretting through life to very little pecuniary purpose. We hardly know, however, whether to class it under the head of real or fictitious narratives. On the one hand, the author is very liberal in his descriptions and anecdotes of many living persons of notoriety, with whom he appears to have had intercourse, and indeed gives us letters from several; but again, there are so many unnatural incidents, long romantic dialogues, and tales, that we are half inclined to think the whole a piece of invention. The truth is, we suppose that the frame and many of the materials are genuine; but that Mr. Ryley, being in want of a sufficient number of *facts* to eke out his three volumes, has mixed a little alloy with them, for the benefit of his purse. Whichever way it is considered, the book, we think, is an amusing one. The lives of players indeed have generally been prolific of incident and entertainment. The diversified nature of their situation—their improvidence—thoughtlessness—the rambling tenor of their lives, abound in materials for narration; the amusement of which is not lessened by the theatrical language in which they are often conveyed. The biographies of Foote, of Edwin, and of Cooke, as well as some others, come under this description. Mr. Ryley, though not holding so high a rank upon the stage as those celebrated actors, appears to have mixed with many persons whose names are familiar, and has collected some amusing traits respecting his theatrical comrades. His vicissitudes of fortune too, being at one moment in durance vile, at another "enacting Julius Cæsar," or something else; and at a third time, dining with bona fide lords and ladies; his accounts of which are told in a lively though rather flippant manner, afford considerable entertainment. As a specimen of his manner of relating his adventures, as well as of the tricks of the London pick-pockets, we extract the following passage:

‘The following Sunday I was engaged to dine with sir Richard Phillips, at Hampstead, under a promise to act as guide to Dr. Walcot, (Peter Pindar,) whose loss of sight rendered the deputation but too necessary. Mr. Pratt, another gentleman celebrated in the world of letters, gave us the meeting; and the day afforded a literary treat, such as I never before banqueted upon; it was indeed a mental feast, and I record it with pleasure and pride, greater pleasure, and greater pride, than had I feasted with illustrious fools, or banqueted with noble block-heads. Sir Richard abstains from all sorts of animal food, even poultry, game and fish; and is withal very abstemious in his beverage: yet notwithstanding these privations, his countenance exhibits a picture of health nearly bordering upon plethora. Dr. Walcot was in high glee; by the same token, he indulges most liberally in the vice of swearing; independent of this fault, and a fault it is, particularly in a man who stands in no need of such resources; there are those whose conversation would be wholly unnoticed, but from that individual cause; I say, independent of this, Peter Pindar is animated and intelligent; highly liberal in his opinions, and blessed with great suavity of manners. After dinner, Mr. Pratt read excellently well, a manuscript of the doctor’s, full of point and——abuse, I was going to say, but if you please you may substitute the word *truth*.

‘When the time for our departure arrived, there was only one vacant seat in the Hampstead stage, in which I placed the Pindaric bard, and buttoning my coat, prepared for a walk. The evening was fine, though cold; the moon was at the full, and pedestrianism I was ever partial to. ’Tis a mode of travelling that carries with it an air of independence, and whilst heaven continues the use of my legs, I hope and trust it will always have a preference. I had proceeded near half way through Oxford-street, when a decently dressed, but very infirm old woman, in crossing the street, narrowly escaped being run down by a coach; another was advancing very rapidly, when I ran to her assistance, and with all the strength I was master of, dragged her safe to the foot-path. As she appeared faint from alarm, and weak from exertion, I did not immediately leave her, but continued my support a few minutes longer; when strange and unnatural as it may appear, I thought I felt her hand in my coat pocket. I instantly advanced mine in the same direction, and found my apprehensions confirmed; my pocket book was gone, containing, unfortunately and imprudently, all my worldly property, received the day before from Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. As I challenged the old hypocrite with the theft, and was in the act of seizing her, she took her petticoats under her arm, thereby discovering a pair of boots, and turning the corner, scampered down Swallow-street with such expedition, that, although a good footman, I was once nearly losing sight of her; and this must inevitably have been the case, had not Luna, aided by the lamps, rendered it nearly as light as day. The reader will wonder why I did not give the alarm, and by that means procure aid in my pursuit. The fact is, that at the instant such a thought never occurred. I was too much engaged with the one object to mind any other, and as a few moments elapsed between the robbery, and finding myself in Swallow-street, which my gentleman in masquerade likewise left at the very first turn, I was still too intent in pursuit to think of the only means to render it effectual, and it was not, till I found myself losing ground, that I bawled out for the first time “stop thief.” But here the invocation was useless, for there was nobody to stop the thief. The street, as

far as I could see, was empty; doubtless well acquainted with this part of the town, he led me to the identical spot where assistance would be implored in vain, and I was giving up my cause as lost, when his petticoats, much in my favour from the beginning, caught an iron spike, and tripped up his heels. Summoning all my remaining strength, I pounced upon my prey, and now first discovered a man a very few paces behind me. To him I related how affairs stood between me and my prostrate foe; and, announcing himself as a special constable, he willingly entered into my cause. Without more deliberation, I committed the thief into his custody, insisting at the same time, upon my book being restored. This demand not being complied with, I was proceeding in my search, when the truth, the fatal truth, burst upon my astonished mind with a shock that nearly overpowered it, and converted hope into despair. The confederates, for such indeed they were, looked up the street, and down the street; I did the same, though from a different motive, but could only perceive one solitary being, and he at too great a distance to be useful.

‘However, grown desperate from despair, I gave my voice its loudest pitch, and was that instant knocked down by the villain in petticoats, but still my power of articulation remained, and that I exerted so effectually, that the being sent by heaven to my rescue rushed forward, and laid the man *confessed* upon his mother earth, which the other perceiving, took to his heels. By this time I had regained my feet, and explaining the sex of the fugitive, and the loss I had sustained, my champion flew like lightning after him, and when I came up, the sham lady was in safe hands, and without hesitation restored my darling pocket-book, containing the whole property, except a little wife, of S. W. R.

‘After expressing my obligations, this powerful redresser of wrongs consented, at my request, to leave the wretches to their fate; for having redeemed my all, my duty to society, I am sorry to say, was a minor object, and forgotten, the moment my personal dangers were at an end.

‘My deliverer stood about five feet eight inches, strong built, and beautifully proportioned; his face rather handsome, and his address above the common stamp; in short, bating a few points, he so strongly reminded me of Charles Camelford, that I felt an interest in him, independent of the great service he had performed, and requested to know his name: he answered, “*John Gulley!*”

“What! Gulley of Carey-street?”

“The same, sir—where I shall be proud to see you, whenever it suits your convenience.”

‘This circumstance was matter of interesting conversation in Northumberland-street, but I was averse to making the business public, because I attached shame to myself for suffering two such hardened offenders to escape. It is, doubtless, the bounden duty of every individual to prefer the good of society to his own private feelings, and in yielding to mine, I not only committed error, but actual injustice, both against the laws and my fellow creatures, by screening culprits from the former, and turning them loose upon the latter. Besides, it is possible that I may eventually be the cause of bringing them to the gallows, when, had they been taken up for this crime, a milder punishment might have led to repentance, and an amendment of life.’

“The Balance of Comfort” appears to be an attempt to settle the vexata questio among the ladies, whether the state of single

blessedness or that of matrimony is the most to be desired by "a prudent person." There is, as may be supposed, much urged on both sides of the question, and the pros and cons are carried out in a very impartial and business-like manner. As far, however, as we can ascertain, the author decides, like most of those who have attempted to decide it—that both situations have their comforts and inconveniences. She evidently inclines in favour of the unyoked state, and adduces some very weighty, and we think, conclusive reasons for a pause, at least, previous to exchanging its free condition for the harness and restraints of matrimony. All which, we presume, will produce about the same effect upon young ladies and gentlemen as the lessons their grand mothers have heretofore taught them on the same subject. Mrs. Charlton, the *unwedded* heroine, is made a very respectable and pleasing character; and the vulgar opinion, that unmarried ladies, who have passed a certain age, are like an old-fashioned sofa, useful when we are sick, but otherwise an unnecessary piece of lumber—finds no support in these volumes. We consider them as highly entertaining, marked with a greater degree of originality than is usually to be found in novels, and displaying a good deal of talent in the discrimination of character. The advice and reasoning, too, though somewhat common-place, is judicious and sensible; and we can confidently recommend the work to both spinsters and wives as one quite as full of *useful* information as *Lalla Rookh* or the *Corsair*.

In the "Knight of St. John," we think Miss Porter has evinced considerable talent and judgment, although the book rather falls off in the second volume. Her style is rich and attractive, and the scene she has chosen for her adventures, and the names she has introduced into them, are pleasing and interesting, as they remind us of the best days of the Italian republics, and of the high-minded men who were connected with them. We think the admirers of romances will be gratified by the perusal of these volumes.

In his present situation at St. Helena, cut off from the rest of "this breathing world," by an immense space of ocean, the waves of which, as Dr. Franklin justly remarks, are like those of time, in the effect they produce, the emperor Napoleon, deprived of his influence over society, and no longer in a situation to benefit or molest mankind, appears to be already considered as in his grave; and his exploits of every description, to have become matter of history. The shadows, clouds, and darkness, which passion and malice have conspired to throw round some of his actions, are rapidly dissipating, and there are few, we believe, of those who most hated him in prosperity, who have not felt the strength of their opinions weakened by some late publications, excepting the *Quarterly Reviewers*, the violence and foulness of whose abuse of him and of France, are only equalled by their slander of all that is dear to us in our own institutions and firesides. The great causes of the odium which was at one time excited against him were, the execution of the duke D'Enghien, the supposed murder of the English captain Wright, and his conduct towards his Turkish pri-

soners, and his own soldiers, at Jaffa. These affairs we believe to have been represented in their proper light by Mr. Warden in his *Letters*, which we do not doubt are, in substance, correct relations of his conversations with Napoleon; particularly as we find the chief facts corroborated by the statements in one of the last numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*, of the conversations between the emperor and a British nobleman. Much indeed as has been written respecting him, the public curiosity seems to call for more information. We have had *Secret Histories*, *Manucrits venus de St. Helène*, and *Letters* in abundance; some of them palpable forgeries, others well feigned, though manufactured in Europe. Last of all we have the *Letters from the Cape of Good Hope*, which appear to be written by a certain lord C., and addressed to his lady in England. The author would have us believe that he was a fellow passenger with Napoleon in the *Northumberland*; and at St. Helena was frequently in company with him and the members of his family, by which means he obtained access to the great work said to be composing under his direction; and gathered in conversation with his suite considerable information as to the former occurrences of his life. He speaks with all the firmness and plausibility of apparent truth, and yet we think it is not less apparent that the whole work, letters, extracts, and all, was composed in the interior of one of the goodly mansions that decorate Grub-street. There is nothing in the book, in fact, which has not been known to the curious part of the political world ever since the events happened, except a few minute details of names, which might have been obtained from the records or journals of France. We see, besides, in the extracts, nothing of that peculiar, energetic, abrupt, and striking manner which has heretofore characterised the style of the celebrated individual whose exploits they profess to relate. They are dull and vapid, we think; and, upon the whole, we consider the work only redeemed by the tone of candour and liberality with which the author speaks throughout, and by his manly protests against a continuation of the system of confinement and rigour heretofore observed, which, if late advices from St. Helena are to be depended on, bids fair to put a premature end to the life of this great captain.

ART. VI.—*Memoir of Rob Roy Macgregor and some branches of his Family.*—(From Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*.)

[As the whole world is now anxiously expecting the appearance of *Rob Roy*, and his history is nevertheless known to but few, we are happy to present our readers with some account of that extraordinary character, drawn up by a gentleman, long resident in that quarter of the Highlands where many of Rob's exploits were performed. All the anecdotes contained in this article are traditional, and it is believed authentic. It cannot but be interesting to peruse a narrative of those plain facts on which the "*Mighty Unknown*" has doubtless erected a glorious superstructure. *Ed. Edin. Mag.*]

"The eagle he was lord above,
"But Rob was lord below."

Wordsworth.

THOUGH the natives of the Highlands of Scotland had long contemned and resisted the laws of the kingdom, and lived in

a state of proud and turbulent independence, the cruelty and injustice which dictated the proscription of the clan Macgregor, can only be regarded as a wretched picture of that government, and that age, which could sanction an act of such barbarity.

This clan occupied the romantic wilds, and, at that period, the almost inaccessible valleys of Balquhiddar, and the Trosachs, comprehending a portion of the counties of Argyll, Perth, Dumbarton, and Stirling, and appropriately denominated the country of the Macgregors. The stupendous and rugged aspect of their mountains, and the deep retirement of their woods, secured them from the sudden intrusions of other marauding bands, as well as from the immediate cognizance of the law; and though they were not more addicted to predatory war than the other clans of the Highlands, their unsettled and disorderly habits rendered them the terror of surrounding countries, and, from a supposititious circumstance, drew upon them the vengeance of the state. It was their misfortune to possess an inheritance situated betwixt the countries of two mighty chieftains, each of whom was jealous of their growing importance, and eager for an occasion whereby to deprive them of their lands, and exterminate themselves; and to the influence of the chiefs, Montrose and Argyll, with a weak and credulous monarch, is to be attributed the dreadful severities which long visited this devoted clan.

The peculiar constitution of clanship formed a bond of union, which no privation could tear asunder, nor contention overcome. The obstinate solidity of this compact produced those fierce and desultory forays which so often emerged from the mountains, and spread dismay and misery among the individuals of hostile tribes, from whom various tributes were extorted, or humiliating concessions required.

The clan Gregor, during this state of irregularity, had become a formidable sept in prosecuting all the evils which arose from feudal manners and hereditary antipathies; and from their local situation on the confines of the Highlands, were more closely approximated to the vigilance and infliction of the border military, or the opposition of their southern neighbours.

Among those regions, in former ages, the benefits of agriculture were almost unknown to the inhabitants, who chiefly lived upon animal food; but of this they were often deprived by the rigour of winter, so that the mutual spoliation of cattle became a regular system, especially during the period of the Michaelmas moon, and in some parts was essential to their preservation. The Macgregors pursued this plan in common with other tribes, though not under more aggravating cruelties. But, from their border station, and the dread with which they were always regarded, they readily levied the arbitrary tax of *black-mail*, extorted as the price of their own lenity, and under the promise of protecting those who paid it from the depredations of other plundering parties, from whom they also engaged to recover whatever booty was carried away. This species of warfare was eventually more destructive

than the open contests of armies, and led to that rancorous hostility, and those petty feuds, so disgraceful to the times.

The event which occasioned the merciless decree of *fire and sword* against the clan Gregor, is so well known, that it need not here be narrated. Not only were this race to be rooted out, but their very name was forbidden. They were indiscriminately pursued and massacred wherever they were found, until, by incessant persecution, and subdued by the number of their enemies, they were ultimately driven to despair, and sought refuge among the mountainous parts of Perth and Argyll, inhabiting the dismal cavities of rocks, and the sombre recesses of forests. Even in this state of misery they were not allowed to exist. They were discovered in their fastnesses, and the earl of Argyll, with determined butchery, hunted down the fugitives through moors and woods, till scarcely any other than their children remained alive.

Such general and destructive slaughter appeared, for some time thereafter, to have sated the sanguinary propensity of that nobleman, and a relaxation of oppression seemed to promise the Macgregors a state of tranquillity to which they had long been strangers; but it was only a short lived gleam of hope. Some conciliatory overtures on the part of the Campbells flattered these prospects, and one of them, the laird of Achnabreck, took a friendly charge of the chief of the clan Gregor, a young man of promising parts. They paid a visit to Argyll in his castle of Inveraray, where Macgregor was received with apparent kindness; but after retiring to his bed-chamber at night, he was treacherously laid hold of and carried out of the house. The first object which presented itself to Achnabreck in the morning was the body of his young friend Macgregor hanging on a tree opposite his window. Filled with grief and horror at so base a breach of hospitality, he instantly quitted the mansion, determined on revenge, which he soon had an opportunity of satisfying, by running Argyll through the body.

But those barbarities, so wantonly followed up, were not calculated to restrain the impetuous spirit of a valiant clan, and the descendants of those murdered people ceased not to remember and to avenge their sufferings.

Amidst the calamities of his race, arose Robert Macgregor, Celtically named Roy (red), from his complexion and colour of hair, and as a distinctive appellation among his kindred, a practice which is still followed throughout the Highlands. He was the second son of Donald Macgregor of the family of Glengyle, a lieutenant-colonel in the king's service, by a daughter of Campbell of Glenlyon, and consequently a gentleman from birth. He received an education at that time considered liberal, at least suitable to the sphere of life in which he was to appear. Of strong natural parts, he acquired the necessary but rude accomplishments of the age, and with a degree of native hardihood, favoured by a robust and muscular frame, he wielded the broad-sword with such irresistible dexterity, as few or none of his countrymen could equal. Yet he

was possessed of complacent manners when unruffled by opposition, but he was daring and resolute when danger appeared; and he became no less remarkable for his knowledge of human nature than for the boldness of his achievements.

It was customary in those days, as it is at present, for gentlemen of property, as well as their tenantry, to deal in the trade of grazing and selling of cattle. This business appears to have been carried on by Rob Roy Macgregor to a considerable extent, so that in early life he was not conspicuous for any dashing exploit. Upon his succession to his estate, however, new objects were presented to him, and having laid claim to the authority, with which he was now invested, over some faithful vassals, he readily commanded their unlimited services in the prosecution of his views—in repelling his foes, or in exacting the tax of *black-mail*, which he began to raise over the neighbouring countries. This tributary impost had long been suffered to prevail in the Highlands; and though lawless, and generally oppressive, the usage of many ages had sanctioned the practice, so that it was considered neither unjust nor dishonourable; and from its beneficial effects in securing the forbearance and protection of those to whom it was paid, it was usually submitted to as an indispensable measure, and consisted of money, meal, or cattle, according to agreement. The practice, too, of carrying off the cattle of other clans was still common in those countries; and the followers of Rob Roy were no less guilty of these habits, when necessity, or the unfriendly disposition of other tribes, occasioned dispute; but these predatory excursions were usually undertaken against the Lowland borderers, whom they regarded as a people of another nation, different in manners as in language; and what was not the least motive of attack, they were also more opulent, and less inclined to war.

Whether the exploits of Rob Roy Macgregor, some of which had become notorious, and the fame he acquired as a cunning and enterprising genius, had rendered him more to be conciliated and courted as a friend, than to be considered and held as an enemy with the family of Argyll, the former scourge of his clan; or whether the chief of that house, the second duke of the name, from a conviction of the cruelties and injustice which his ancestors had exercised over the Macgregors, had experienced any reasonable compunction, is not certainly known; but it is unquestionable, that this nobleman not only relaxed from all severities against that people, but became attached in the most friendly manner to Rob.

The harsh enactment of the legislature during the reign of James VI, which declared the suppression and prohibition of their name, still hung over the Macgregors, having been renewed by succeeding monarchs; and though Rob Roy had all along despised such authority, he was at last prevailed upon, with reluctance, to adopt some other appellation, so that he might appear, in one instance at least, to acquiesce in the law. He accordingly, from the amicable terms upon which he stood with the duke of Argyll, now his avowed patron, assumed, by his permission, the name of

Campbell, and relinquished that of Macgregor, though in the country, and among his clan, he was acknowledged by no other. He was, consequently, in a writ dated in 1703, denominated Robert Campbell of Inversnait, his paternal inheritance.

This property extended for some miles along the eastern border of Loch Lomond; but from pecuniary embarrassment, it fell into the hands of the first duke of Montrose. In his cattle-dealing Rob Roy had a partner in whom he placed unbounded confidence; but this person, having on one occasion been intrusted with a considerable sum of money, made a sudden elopement, which so shattered Rob's trading concerns, that he was under the necessity of selling his lands to the duke of Montrose, but conditionally, that they should again revert to himself, providing he could return to the duke the sum he had promised to pay for them. Montrose had paid a great part, but not the whole, of the price agreed upon. Some years having elapsed, Rob Roy found his finances improved, and, wishing to get back his estate, offered to restore the duke the sum he had advanced: but upon some equivocal pretence he would not receive it, and, from Rob's dissolute character, an adjudication of the lands was easily obtained, which deprived him of any future claim. Considering this transaction as unjust on the part of Montrose and his factor, Graham of Orchil, Rob watched his opportunity to make reprisal, the only remaining means in his power, and a future occasion gave him the success he desired. This factor, when collecting his rents, was attended, as a matter of compliment, by several gentlemen of the vicinity, who dined with him. Among those who were present at this time was Rob Roy; but before he came he placed twenty of his men in a wood close by, to wait a fixed signal, and went himself to the house with his piper playing before him. This was at the inn of Chapel-Arroch in Aberfoil. The factor had no suspicion of Rob's purpose, as he laid down his claymore to indicate peace, and partook of the entertainment, during which his piper played some wild pibrochs, the boisterous accompaniment which used to give a zest to every Highland feast.

Rob, in the meantime, observed the factor's motions, and saw that he deposited the money in a portmanteau which lay in the room. Dinner was no sooner over than he ordered his piper to strike up a new tune; and in a few minutes Rob's men surrounded the house;—six of them entered with drawn swords—when Rob, laying hold of his own, desired the factor to deliver him the money which he had collected, and which he said was his due. Resistance was useless; the money was given up, and Rob granted a receipt for it. But as he conceived that the factor was accessory to the infringement of the contract that deprived him of his estate, he resolved to punish him. Accordingly he had him conveyed and placed in an island near the west end of Loch Ketturrin, now rendered conspicuous as the supposed residence of the fair *Ellen, the Lady of the Lake*.

“ ————— the shore around;
’Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,—
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.”

In this island was Orchil confined for some weeks; and, when set at liberty, was admonished by Rob Roy no more to collect the rents of that country, which he meant in future to do himself, maintaining, that as the lands originally belonged to the Macgregors, who lost them by attainder, such alienation was an unnatural and illegal deprivation of the right of succeeding generations; and, from this conviction, he was the constant enemy of the Grahams, the Murrays, and the Drummonds, who then claimed, and still inherit, those extensive domains.

Among other coercive measures, which from time to time were adopted to suppress the practices of the Macgregors, was that of planting a garrison in their country at Inversnaid, upon the spot from whence Rob Roy took his title. The immoderate bounds to which the rigorous decrees of government had been carried, not only by its immediate instrument the military, but also by the other clans who surrounded the Macgregors, drove them to such desperation that they held the laws in contempt, as they were wholly precluded from their benefit,—so that nothing appeared too hazardous nor too flagrant for them to perform. This fortress had been set down some time before any sally from it had given annoyance to Macgregor; and though the number of soldiers which it generally contained were no great obstruction in his estimation, yet they were a sort of check upon those small parties which he some seasons sent forth. He therefore determined to intimidate the garrison, or to make the military abandon it. He had previously mentioned his plan, and secured the connivance of a woman of his own clan who served in the fort. Having supplied her with a quantity of Highland whiskey, of which the English soldiery were very fond, she contrived, on an appointed night, to intoxicate the sentinel; and while he lay overcome by the potent dose, she opened the gate, when Rob Roy and his men, who were on the watch, rushed in with loads of combustibles, and set the garrison on fire in different places, and it was with difficulty that the inmates escaped with their lives. Though Rob was suspected to be the incendiary, there was no immediate proof, and the damage was quietly repaired.

The steady adherence of the Highlanders to the expatriated house of Stuart, was so well known, and so much dreaded by every prince who succeeded them on the British throne, that a watchful eye was constantly kept over their motions, and they were constrained to hold all their communings, which related to the affairs of the exiles, in the most secret and clandestine manner.

Some time subsequent to the unsuccessful attempt of the Highland clans under Dundee, at Killicrankie, a great meeting of chieftains took place in Breadalbane, under pretence of hunting the

deer, but in reality for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiments of each other respecting the Stuart cause. Opinions were unanimous; and a bond of faith and mutual support, previously written, was signed. By the negligence of a chieftain to whom this bond was intrusted, it fell into the hands of captain Campbell of Glenlyon, then at Fort-William, who, from his connexion with many whose names were appended, did not immediately disclose the contents; but from the deserved odium which was attached to that person, from having commanded the party who perpetrated the infamous massacre of Glencoe, he was justly despised and execrated even by his nearest friends; and when it was known that a man of such inhuman feelings held this bond, those who signed it were seriously alarmed, and various plans were suggested for recovering it. Rob Roy Macgregor, who was at this clan meeting, had also affixed his name; but on his own account he was indifferent, as he regarded neither king nor government. He was, however, urged by several chiefs, particularly his patron, to exert himself, and if possible to recover the bond. With this view he went to Fort-William in disguise, not with his usual number of attendants, and getting access to captain Campbell, who was a near relation of his own, he discovered that, out of revenge for the contemptuous manner in which the chieftains now treated the captain, he had put the bond into the possession of the governor of the garrison, who was resolved to forward it to the Privy Council; and Rob learning by accident the day on which it was to be sent, took his leave, and went home. The despatch which contained the bond was made up by governor Hill, and sent from Fort-William, escorted by an ensign's command, which in those countries always accompanied the messages of government. On the third day's march, Rob, and fifty of his men, met this party in Glendochart, and ordering them to halt, demanded their despatches. The officer refused; but Rob told him, that he would either have their lives and the despatches together, or the despatches alone. The ferocious looks and appearance of Rob and his men bespoke no irresolution. The packet was given up; and Rob having taken out the bond he wanted, he begged the officer would excuse the delay he had occasioned, and wishing him a good journey, left the military to proceed unmolested. By this manœuvre many chieftains kept on their heads, and the forfeiture of many estates were prevented.

The most inveterate enemy that Rob Roy had to guard against, was the earl of Athol, who had long harassed his clan, and whose machinations were even more alarming than the denunciations of the law. Rob had no doubt given cause for this enmity, for he had frequently ravaged the district of Athol, carried away cattle, and put every man to the sword who attempted resistance; and all this, he said, was to retaliate the cruelties formerly committed upon his ancestors. But he had once nearly paid for his temerity. The earl having sent a party of horse, they unexpectedly came upon him, and seized him in his own house of Monachaltuarach, situat-

ed in Balquhiddar. He was placed on horseback, to be conveyed to Stirling Castle; but in going down a steep defile, he leaped off, ran up a wooded hill, where the horsemen could not follow, and escaped. Athol, on another occasion, sent twenty men from Glenalmond, to lay hold of Macgregor. He saw them approaching, and did not shun them, though he was alone. His uncommon size and strength, the fierceness of his countenance, and the posture of defence in which he placed himself, intimidated them so much, that they durst not go near him. He told them, that he knew what they wanted, but if they did not quietly depart, none of them should return. He desired them to tell their master, that if he sent any more of his pigmy race to disturb him, he would hang them up to feed the eagles.

Feuds and violent conflicts of clans, still continued prevalent, with all the animosity which marked the rude character of the times; and a contest having arisen betwixt the earls of Athol and Perth, Rob Roy was requested to take part with the latter: and though Perth was no favourite with him, he readily agreed to give his assistance, as he would undertake any thing to distress Athol. Having assembled sixty of his men, he marched to Drummond Castle with seven pipers playing. The Atholmen were already on the banks of the Earn, and the Drummonds and Macgregors marched to attack them; but they no sooner recognised the Macgregors, whom they considered as demons, than they fled from the field, and were pursued to the precincts of their own country.

Although Rob Roy Macgregor, from his great personal prowess, and the dauntless energy of his mind, which, in the most trying and difficult emergencies, never forsook him, was the dread of every country where his name was known, the urbanity and kindness of his manners to his inferiors, gained him the good will and services of his whole clan, who were always ready to submit to any privation, or to undergo any hardship to protect him from the multitude of enemies who sought his destruction; and one or two, among many instances of their attachment, may here be mentioned:—A debt, to a pretty large amount, which he had long owed to a person in the Lowlands, could never be recovered, because no one would undertake to execute diligence against him. At length a messenger at Edinburgh appeared, who pledged himself, that with six men, he would go through the whole Highlands, and would apprehend Rob Roy, or any man of his name. The fellow was stout and resolute. He was offered a handsome sum, if he would bring Rob Roy Macgregor to the jail of Stirling, and was allowed men of his own choice. He accordingly equipped himself and his men, with swords, sticks, and every thing fitted for the expedition; and having arrived at the only public house then in Balquhiddar, he inquired the way to Rob's house. This party were at once known to be strangers, and the landlord coming to learn their business, he sent notice of it to his good friend Rob, and advised them not to go farther, lest they might come to repent

of their folly; but the advice was disregarded, and they went forward. The party waited at some distance from the house, and the messenger himself went to reconnoitre.

Having announced himself as a stranger who had lost his way, he was politely shown by Rob into a large room, where

“ ——— All around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase;
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle axe, a hunting spear,
And broad-swords, bows and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar,”

which astonished him so much, that he felt as if he had got into a cavern of the infernal regions; but when the room door was shut, and he saw hanging behind it a stuffed figure of a man, intentionally placed there, his terror increased to such a degree, that he screamed out, and asked if it was a dead man? To which Rob coolly answered, that it was a rascal of a messenger who had come to the house the night before; that he had killed him, and had not got time to have him buried. Fear now wholly overcame the messenger, and he could scarcely articulate a benediction for his soul, when he fainted and fell upon the floor. Four of Rob's men carried him out of the house, and, in order to complete the joke, and at the same time to restore the man to life, they took him to the river just by, and tossed him in, allowing him to get out the best way he could himself. His companions, in the mean time, seeing all that happened, and supposing he had been killed, took to their heels; but the whole glen having now been alarmed, met the fugitives in every direction, and gave every one of them such a complete ducking, that they had reason all their lives to remember the lake and river of Balquhiddar.

These people were no sooner out of the hands of the Macgregors, than they made a speedy retreat to Stirling, not taking time on the road to dry their clothes, lest a repetition of their treatment should take place; and upon their arrival there, they represented the usage they had received, with exaggerated accounts of the assassinations and cruelties of the Macgregors, magnifying their own wonderful escape, and prowess in having killed several of the clan, so that the story was reported to the commander of the castle, who ordered a company of soldiers to march into the Highlands, to lay hold of Rob Roy Macgregor. A party of Macgregors, who were returning with some booty which they had acquired along the banks of the Forth, descried the military on their way to Callander, and, suspecting their intention, hastened to acquaint Rob Roy of what they saw. In a few hours the whole country was warned of the approaching danger, and guards were placed at different stations to give notice of the movements of the soldiers. All the men within several miles were prepared to repel this invasion, in case it was to lay waste the country, which had often been done before; but the military had no other orders than to seize Rob Roy, who considered it more prudent to take refuge in the hills,

than openly to give the military battle, when they meant no other hostility.

After a fruitless search for many days, the soldiers, unaccustomed to the fatigue of climbing mountains, and scrambling over rocks, and through woods, took shelter at night in an empty house, which they furnished with heath for beds; and the Macgregors, unwilling that they should leave their country without some lasting remembrance of them, set fire to the house, which speedily dislodged the soldiers. In the confusion many of them were hurt, a number lost their arms, and one man was killed by the accidental discharge of a musket. The military party, thus thrown into confusion, broke down by fatigue, and almost famished for want of provisions, which they could not procure, withdrew from the country of the Macgregors, happy that they had escaped so well.

The tribute of *black mail*, already noticed, extended under Rob Roy's system, to all classes of people, to inferior proprietors, and to every description of tenantry, but the more powerful chieftains, though they at times considered Rob as an useful auxiliary and though their property was often subjected to spoliation, would seldom consent to that compulsory regulation, as being too degrading to that consequence which they were anxious to maintain. Rob did certainly, as occasion required, exact what he conceived to be his due in this way, with some severity; but he often received the tax as a voluntary oblation. Of this last description was an annual payment made to him by Campbell of Abruchil; but this proprietor having omitted to pay Rob for some years, he at last went to his castle with an armed party, to demand the arrears due to him. Having knocked at the gate, leaving his men at some distance, he desired a conversation with the laird; but he was told that several great men were at dinner with him, and that no stranger could be admitted. "Then tell him," said he, "that Rob Roy Macgregor is at his door, and must see him, if the king should be dining with him." The porter returned, and told Rob that his master knew nothing of such a person, and desired him to depart. Rob immediately applied to his mouth a large horn that hung by his side, from which there issued a sound that appalled the castle guard, shook the building to its base, and astonished Abruchil and his guests, who quickly left the dining-table. In an instant Rob's men were by his side, and he ordered them to drive away all the cattle they found on the land; but the laird came hastily to the gate, apologized for the rudeness of the porter to his good friend Rob Roy Macgregor, took him into the castle, paid him his demand, and they parted good friends.

ART. VII.—*Life of Curran, the Irish Orator.*

[We perceive in the British journals, that a biography of the late distinguished orator and patriot, Mr. Curran, that ornament of his country, and honour to the Irish bar, is expected from the pen of Mr. Phillips, an eminent barrister, whose eloquence has found numerous admirers in this, as well as his native country, and who is peculiarly qualified for the undertaking, by a similarity of pursuit, an association of excellence, and of fame, in the courts where they practised. The merits of Curran have been extensively canvassed amongst us, and the publication of his "Speeches" has been read with avidity in every district, we believe, of the union. Much interest will, no doubt, be excited by the expectation of a work that promises to shed new light upon the talent of the rhetorician, and that will trace the history of a mind, in its progress to eminence, by those arduous steps which mark the difficulty of the ascent. In the mean time, we believe the following will not be uninteresting to our readers. *Ed. An. Mag.*]

OCTOBER 14, Died at Amelia-place, Brompton, aged nearly 70, the right hon. John Philpot Curran. His last moments were so tranquil, that those around him could scarcely mark the moment of expiration.

Mr. Curran was a native of the county of Cork. His parents had nothing to bestow upon him but the rudiments of classical education, which he completed in Trinity college, Dublin. Shortly after he was called to the bar he married Miss O'Dell, a lady of respectable family but slender fortune, with whom he became acquainted on circuit. His splendid talents soon brought him into notice in his profession, in which he obtained a silk gown in the administration of the duke of Portland. In 1784 we find him seated in the house of commons of Ireland, and seconding with much sportive humour, every effort of the popular party for the emancipation of the country, and the establishment of its commercial freedom and political independence. During the arduous and interesting period in which Mr. Fitzgibbon (late earl of Clare) filled the office of attorney-general, he was one of the leading men in opposition, and of course came into frequent collision with that lawyer. The high tone of defence upon legal constitutional questions, with which the attorney general endeavoured to bear down his opponents, was more frequently ridiculed by the wit, than combated by the arguments, of Mr. C. If, in this mode of contest, he did not always repel the blow, he at least evaded its force; and although he could not on every occasion, boast of victory, he at least escaped defeat. Of one of these contests the issue was more serious—it produced a duel, but which was attended with no injury to either party: this happened in the administration of the late duke of Portland. The dutchess of Rutland and a large party of her female friends were present in the gallery during the discussion; and the irritation excited by the keenness of Mr. Curran's wit, it may be easily supposed, was not allayed by such a presence. As a lawyer, he was not particularly distinguished by the extent of his knowledge, or the depth of his researches: he stood in this respect only on an equality with his competitors; it was as an advocate that he outstripped them; and no advocate ever made the cause of his client so much his own. So powerful and persuasive were the allurements of his eloquence, that a Dublin jury became

afraid of listening to his address, and went into the box upon their guard against his seductive powers. Some of his speeches in defence of many of his unfortunate countrymen have been published, and afford a satisfactory specimen of his eloquence. Next to his eloquence, his acuteness in examining a witness challenged public admiration. He was considered shrewder than lord Erskine, and more polished than sir W. Garrow. His parliamentary speeches seldom possessed the excellence which marked his professional eloquence; they were desultory and irregular, lively bursts and sketches, conceived more in the wantonness of fancy, than the serious exertions of his mind; keen strokes of satire, flying shafts of wit, instead of profound reasoning. His talents and his attachment to the popular cause, rendered him, in the viceroyalty of the duke of Bedford, a subject of care, next to the late lamented Mr. Ponsoby. While the latter was made lord chancellor, an arrangement with the late sir Michael Smith, then master of the rolls, by which Mr. Curran was appointed in his place; a situation in which he particularly distinguished himself for clear and correct decisions: this happened in the year 1806. His friends thought that his interests could not be better consulted, but he was of a different opinion: it did not harmonize with the particular course of his legal knowledge and practice; and he would have preferred the office of attorney-general, which he thought would have led to the chief seat in the court of King's Bench. He lived to be convinced of the weakness of this speculation. It served, however, to destroy some old friendships, and afford much uneasiness to his latter days. Mr. Curran enjoyed a pension of 3000 pounds a year, settled upon him on his resigning his office, in 1815, in favour of sir Wm. M'Mahon, the present master of the rolls in Ireland. His oratory was of a peculiar species; it was completely *sui generis*—ever the sudden burst of strong and passionate feelings, which seemed to rise in proportion as the grand conceptions of his mind became more and more illuminated by the coruscations of his wit—the lightning flashes of a vigorous and highly poetical imagination.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

Mr. Curran was one of those characters which the lover of human nature, and of its intellectual capacities delights to contemplate. He rose from nothing; derived no aid from rank and fortune; and ascended by his own energies to an eminence, which throws rank and fortune into comparative scorn. He was the great ornament in his time of the Irish bar, and in forensic eloquence has certainly never been exceeded in modern times. His rhetoric was the pure emanation of his spirit, a warming and lighting-up of the soul, that poured conviction and astonishment on his hearers! It flashed in his eye, and revelled in the melodious and powerful accents of his voice. His wit was not less exuberant than his imagination; and it was the peculiarity of Mr. Curran's wit, that even when it took the form of a play on words, it acquired dignity from the vein of imagery that accompanied it. Every jest was a metaphor. But

have many angular points towards those who are less earnest to be always instructive. The cast of his mind seems to be much more akin to that of the man of business than of the author; but he oftener expresses himself with the bilious irritability of the one, than the hearty urbanity of the other; he is, in fact, neither a man of the world nor a man of genius, but belongs to that dubious class who are regarded with indulgence by the wise, while they are lauded by the weak and condemned only by the foolish. He is an author admirably suited to the occasional topics of his own day; but, when time shall have obliterated those associations in the public mind, to which he so felicitously refers, and draws from them so many apt and amusing illustrations, his style will lose much of its perspicuity, and a great deal of its life and interest. A critic, in fact, is something like a player; his talents are brought out by the ideas of others, and his merits can only be appreciated by comparing his efforts with those of his cotemporaries. Mr. Jeffrey is clever but not great; eloquent without being impressive; accomplished, but not profound. His main fault belongs more to the man than the author—it is in presuming to be the censor of private manners, where the clear and obvious line of his duty (as pointed out both by the consciousness of his own petulance, and the nature of the task he has assumed,) is merely to review the merits and defects of published books. Latterly, however, he has more modestly adhered to his vocation;—"and, where there is shame," as Dr. Johnson says, "there may yet be virtue."

ART. IX.—*Memoir of the Hon. Henry Erskine.*—(From the Gentleman's Magazine.)

OCTOBER 8. Died, at his seat at Ammondell, the hon. Henry Erskine. Thus at nearly the same moment the former great leader and ornament of the Scots' bar, as well as that of the Irish, viz. the Rt. Hon. J. P. Curran, has paid the debt of nature. Mr. Henry Erskine was long the dean of faculty, to which he was raised by his brethren from their respect for the superiority of his talents, and his uniform maintenance of the dignity and independence of the bar. On the return of the Whigs to office, he was appointed Lord Advocate of Scotland, at the same time that his brother was made Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. His devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty was ardent and sincere. He was inflexible only in liberal opinions; in all the relations of private life he was most placable and conciliatory. It was peculiarly honourable to the illustrious family of Buchan, that at one and the same time, and for many years, the two brothers of the noble earl should be the universal leaders of the English and Scottish bars; both equally eminent, not only for the ardour with which they maintained the privileges, and guarded the lives, liberties, and properties, of their fellow citizens, but also for the brilliant wit, perfect integrity, and irresistible persuasion, of their professional exertions. The conversational powers of Mr. Henry

Erskine were of the first order—prompt, gentle and luminous; his flashes of wit irradiated every countenance, while his amenity left no sting behind. His epigrams and *bon mots* were innumerable, many of them are on record; and we trust that the elegant effusions of his muse, and his *impromptus* at table, will be collected by the biographer of his honourable life.

[The following admired tribute to the memory of the deceased, is from the pen of F. Jeffery esq. Editor of the Edinburgh Review.]

Mr. Erskine was called to the Scottish bar, of which he was long the brightest ornament, in the year 1768, and was for several years dean of the faculty of advocates: he was twice appointed lord advocate, in 1782 and in 1806, under the Rockingham and the Grenville administrations. During the years 1806 and 1807, he sat in parliament for the Dunbar and Dumfries districts of boroughs.

In his long and splendid career at the bar, Mr. Erskine was distinguished not only by the peculiar brilliancy of his wit, and the gracefulness, ease, and vivacity of his eloquence, but by the still rarer power of keeping those seducing qualities in perfect subordination to his judgment. By their assistance he could not only make the most repulsive subjects agreeable, but the most abstruse easy and intelligible. In his profession, indeed, all his wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in his reasonings. To himself it seemed always as if they were recommended rather for their use than their beauty. And unquestionably they often enabled him to state a fine argument, or a nice distinction, not only in a more striking and pleasing way, but actually with greater precision than could have been attained by the severer forms of reasoning.

In this extraordinary talent, as well as in the charming facility of his eloquence, and the constant radiance of good humour and gayety which encircled his manner in debate, he had no rival in his own times, and has yet had no successor. That part of eloquence is now mute—that honour in abeyance.

As a politician he was eminently distinguished for the two great virtues of inflexible steadiness to his principles, and invariable gentleness and urbanity in his manner of asserting them. Such, indeed, was the habitual sweetness of his temper, and the fascination of his manners, that though placed by his rank and talent in the obnoxious station of a leader of opposition at a period when political animosities were carried to a lamentable height, no individual, it is believed, was ever known to speak or to think of him with any thing approaching to personal hostility. In return, it may be said, with equal correctness, that though baffled in some of his pursuits, and not quite handsomely disappointed of some of the honours to which his claim was universally admitted, he never allowed the slightest shade of discontent to rest upon his mind, nor the least drop of bitterness to mingle with his blood. He was so utterly incapable of rancour, that even the rancorous felt that he ought not to be made its victim.

He possessed, in an eminent degree, that deep sense of revealed religion, and that zealous attachment to the Presbyterian establishment, which had long been hereditary in his family. His habits were always strictly moral and temperate, and in the latter part of his life even abstemious. Though the life and the ornament of every society into which he entered, he was always most happy and most delightful at home, where the buoyancy of his spirits and the kindness of his heart found all that they required of exercise or enjoyment; and though without taste for expensive pleasures in his own person, he was ever most indulgent and munificent to his children, and a liberal benefactor to all who depended on his bounty.

He finally retired from the exercise of that profession, the highest honours of which he had at least *deserved*, about the year 1812, and spent the remainder of his days in domestic retirement at that beautiful villa which had been formed by his own taste, and in the improvement and adornment of which he found his latest occupation. Passing, then, at once from all the bustle and excitement of a public life to a scene of comparative inactivity, he never felt one moment of ennui or dejection, but retained unimpaired, till within a day or two of his death, not only all his intellectual activity and social affections, but, when not under the immediate affliction of a painful and incurable disease, all that gayety of spirit, and all that playful and kindly sympathy with innocent enjoyment, which made him the idol of the young, and the object of cordial attachment and unenvying admiration to his friends of all ages.

ART. X.---*A View of the Cultivation of Fruit Trees, and the Management of Orchards and Cider; with accurate descriptions of the most estimable varieties of Native and Foreign Apples, Pears, Peaches, Plums, and Cherries, cultivated in the middle states of America; illustrated by cuts of two hundred kinds of Fruits of the natural size; intended to explain some of the errors which exist relative to the origin, popular names, and character of many of our fruits; to identify them by accurate descriptions of their properties, and correct delineations of the full size and natural formation of each variety; and to exhibit a system of practice adapted to our climate, in the successive stages of A Nursery, Orchard, and Cider Establishment. By William Coxe, Esq., of Burlington, New Jersey. Philadelphia. M. Carey & Son. 1 vol. 8vo.*

THIS is a book on a very important subject in this country, not compiled but composed by a practical man, well acquainted with the subject by the perusal of the best works that have been written on it, and still better from the results of his own experience. Mr. Coxe's nursery at Burlington, in New Jersey, has, to our knowledge, had the reputation for these thirty years of being among the best, if not the best, in the United States, and it has not lost the reputation it deservedly acquired. Condensed information, from a gentleman of such long experience, will be duly appreciated by the public.

The work treats on the following subjects.—Introductory Observations. Chap. I. Of the fitness of the climate of the United States for the cultivation of the apple. II. On the management of a Fruit Nursery. III. On ingrafting large trees. IV. On stocks. V. On the propagation of new varieties. VI. On the duration of particular varieties. VII. On the sap. VIII. On inoculating or budding. IX. On the situation of orchards. X. On the planting and cultivation of orchards. XI. On the pruning of orchards. XII. Of the caterpillar. XIII. Experiments on orchards to ascertain the best mode of planting and cultivating. XIV. On the properties and management of cider. XV. Of the concentration of cider by frost. XVI. On the nature and management of crab cider. XVII. Of Perry. XVIII. On fining cider. XIX. Of the buildings and machinery connected with a cider establishment. XX. Of distilleries of spirit from cider. XXI. Of stumming and cleaning casks. XXII. Of vinegar. XXIII. Of apples. XXIV. Of pears. XXV. The quince. XXVI. Peaches. XXVII. Plums. XXVIII. Apricots. XXIX. Nectarines. XXX. Cherries. General index. Such are the subjects treated on; and they are discussed briefly, without unnecessary details, or any pretension to style beyond neatness, correctness, and precision.

As an example of the plain, common-sense character of the book, we extract his chapter

‘ On Pruning of Orchards. There is no branch of the management of orchards less understood, or more unskilfully performed, than the operation of pruning: a belief of its necessity is so general, that even the most careless will seldom omit it—such, however, is the want of skill in many of the operators, that total neglect would be less prejudicial, than their performance of it. If judiciously done, pruning promotes health and early fruitfulness: and will continue a tree in vigour, long after the common period of its duration. Nothing has contributed more to the imperfect knowledge of this operation, than the wordy and unintelligible systems which have been published respecting it: in a mere practical system, it is unnecessary to lay much stress on wood branches and fruit branches; which, however well understood by an observing intelligent gardener, can scarcely be comprehended by the labourer, employed in the business of pruning an orchard—from the rapidity of vegetation, which is generally ascribed to the nature of our climate, excessive pruning is very apt to generate an infinite number of suckers from the limbs of apple trees; which, if suffered to grow, are more injurious to the production of fruit than the woody branches which are removed: our great heat, and dry atmosphere, render close pruning less necessary here than in England, whence we derive most of our instruction on this point. A good general rule is, never to shorten the branches, unless to improve the figure of the tree; and then to take them off at the separation, very close, so that the wound may heal well and soon: the branches should shoot as much as possible in increasing distances, as they proceed from the common centre, inclining a little upwards, by which means the sap will be more evenly impelled, and better distributed: the ranges should not approach too near to each other; for the admission of the rays of the sun is necessary to the production and perfect maturity of fine flavoured fruit—in cutting off a branch, it should be

done as close as possible, never leaving a stump, for the bark cannot grow over it, and disease in the wood will inevitably follow. If the wound produced by the separation be very large, cover it with tar or thick paint; if small, fresh cow dung will be the best plaister. I have healed very large wounds from the gnawing of calves, horses, and sheep, by a liberal application of this plaister, secured by a bandage of paper or linen.

‘When trees are much pruned, they are apt to throw out numerous suckers from the boughs in the following summer; these should be rubbed off when they first appear, or they may easily be broken off while young and brittle—cutting is apt to increase their number. Trees differ much in their form, and require very different treatment in pruning; it may not be necessary in our warm climate to trim quite so close as in England, but great care should be observed to take off every limb which crosses another, or is likely so to do at a future time: those who can conveniently do it, will find a benefit from forming the heads of their trees in the nursery, the year before they remove them---when transplanted, they will thrive more rapidly from not having been pruned at the time of removal, which in some measure exhausts and weakens the tree: I have been latterly in the habit of giving the principal pruning to my orchards, after they have been planted out about five or six years, their growth, with proper cultivation, is then so vigorous as to permit any natural defects in their forms to be corrected with safety, by free pruning, and forming their branches: the peculiarity of growth which characterizes each kind is then visible, and uniformity of shape may be more easily attained.

‘Apple trees should be so formed as to allow a man and horse to pass under them in ploughing; this elevation of the branches, while it protects them from cattle, opens the ground to the salutary influence of the sun, on the crops of grain and grass.

‘No error is more universal, than an anxiety for early productiveness in an orchard; it is generally obtained at the expense of much eventual profit, and by a great diminution of the size and vigour of the trees; believing early fecundity to be injurious to the vigour and perfection of plants, I am always attentive to pluck from the trees these evidences of early maturity, in the first stages of their existence.

‘It was a common practice, some years since, to apply Mr. Forsyth’s celebrated composition to large wounds produced by pruning: that novelty, like many others, had its day among us; and has finally lost its popularity, from a general belief of its inefficacy. Mr. Forsyth at a later period, announced, as a new discovery, what had been long known in this part of our country; that an application of cow dung and urine was more efficacious in healing the wounds of trees than his plaister, even in the moist climate of England. In America, our winter frosts decompose it, and our summer heats dry it up so completely, as to render it useless for the purposes intended.’

The experiments on orchards, page 45, seem decisive to show, the value of cultivating the soil between the trees—the superiority of compost over dung, which harbours field-mice, destructive to the plants—and the inferiority of the sites of old orchards for new plantations.

In his directions for the management of cider, we do not find any notice of the practice of some cider-makers in Herefordshire, in England, who do not permit their cider to ferment at all. It may be

worth relating that the best cider we ever tasted, was made from very high flavoured juicy apples, fit for the table. The juice when pressed was thin; it was early in the season; one gallon of old apple whiskey, well distilled, was added in the proportion of about thirty gallons of the *recently* pressed juice. It was then permitted to ferment in the usual way; the fermentation went on very slowly, though early in the season. It was racked twice, and bottled; the corks tied down; at the end of two years it was a very sparkling, high flavoured cider, much superior to what is usually drank. It may be worth while also to mention, that this experiment was made in the back country of Pennsylvania, where bottles were not easy to be procured. Several dozen of quart bottles were ordered from a common country potter, made of common earthen ware: they were so made; and, as was expected, they were fragile, porous, with all the faults of the common earthen ware of a country place. A bargain was made to have them burnt over again with more fuel and more time than was usually employed in the kiln for common ware. These soft, porous, earthen-ware bottles, came out of the kiln *stone ware*; they were used for the cider in question: they have since been used for oil of vitriol and for mercury. By repeated experiments we know, that almost any kind of the common cheap earthen ware may be made to strike fire with steel, and be converted into stone ware, by being burnt over again, with a sufficient heat. This hint may be useful to those who live at a distance from large towns, especially the makers of cider. When such bottles are used, as the aperture of the necks may not be very correctly made, the bottles should be corked, the corks cut off even with the top of the neck, then wiped very dry, and dipped in a hot mixture of three parts of wax, and one part pitch or rosin; then tied down while the mixture is yet warm.

It does not appear that Mr. Coxe, although possessed of a plantation of the *Stire* apple, so celebrated for the strength of the cider made from it in England, has made any of the cider here: he has given no observations on the *Stire* cider.

Perry. The directions concerning perry are very brief. Indeed there are no pears fit for perry grown in America, that we know of. They are all pears raised for the table. In England, it is a liquor superior to the best cider, and little inferior to champagne. The whiskey made from the perry of this country, is superior to that made from apples.

There are four fruits not cultivated in America for vinous liquors, which furnish wines of the very first quality: these are, 1, *pears*, fit for perry; which should, when racked, have a small proportion of fine brandy, or perry-whiskey mixed with it, and be kept for three or four years in bottles. 2dly, the *quince*. 3dly, the *gooseberry*, which makes a champagne wine, differing from the real champagne, only, in being much superior. Dr. Clark, the traveller, is well founded in all his remarks on champagne. 4thly, the *fox-grape*, which yields a strong rich wine, little inferior to *Madeira*.

On fining cider. We doubt about isinglass being the most eligible fining; or that it is the better because it separates the tannin. Isinglass will dissolve and remain dissolved in the liquor.

Of spirit distilled from cider. A worse liquor as a beverage cannot be used. Of spirits, the spirits from grain are beyond comparison less deleterious than those from fruits.

Of vinegar. The information is very imperfect. Ere long, the pyroligneous acid will go far to supply its place. A family vinegar cask should always be kept in use for the same purpose. The Germans of the back parts of Pennsylvania draw a gallon of vinegar out of their cask, and then put in a gallon of good cider; they have thus, always vinegar of good quality. The country people want to be reminded that vinegar is made by exposure to *air*. The liquor should be repeatedly drawn off and returned into the cask.

From page 100 to page 245, is occupied with descriptions and wooden cuts of the various kinds of apples, pears, peaches, apricots, and nectarines. The prints exhibit the fruit of the natural size. The kinds proper for different purposes, and the seasons when they ripen are noticed. Too little is known here of the nectarine; beyond all comparison the first-flavoured of the clingstones. Somehow, this fruit, so exquisite in England, and on the continent of Europe, has not succeeded here. We believe it would succeed if trained against a wall, sheltered from the north and north-west winds, and judiciously (not over) pruned. We may safely recommend this book, as containing much information, delivered with all the marks of experience and good sense. C.

ART. XI—*The Battle of Bunker's Hill, near Boston, 17th of June, 1775.*

[The Engraving in our present number is taken from a sketch found in the captured baggage of an officer of the British army in 1775. It has been submitted to many respectable inhabitants of Boston, Charlestown and the vicinity, some engaged in the action of that memorable day, others spectators of it: all of whom concur in pronouncing it to be correct, with trivial exceptions. Its general accuracy has been approved by governor Brooks, general Dearborn, Dr. Dexter, the Hon. Mr. Winthrop, and Mr. Prescott, son of the colonel Prescott who first marked out the entrenchments in the night of the 16th of June, which he afterwards contributed so ably to defend. Dr. Bartlett of Charlestown, on examining the plan, pointed out the station of a man-of-war, the Somerset, 74, to be directly between Boston and Charlestown whence she could batter the American redoubt.

As a fac-simile, it has been deemed necessary, in order to preserve the genuine stamp of authenticity, to present it entire and unvaried in the expression, to our readers. At this day, the epithet of "Rebels" can but excite a smile. The phraseology of the original has therefore been allowed to remain unaltered.]

Ed. Anal. Mag.

THE traveller who visits Boston, can scarcely fail to associate in his mind the field of battle where the early heroes of the revolution first established the character of that event, marked as it was by undaunted resolution, the offspring of a determined purpose. From the State House of Massachusetts, conspicuously seated on an eminence, the eye ranges over Charlestown, a considerable town that now adjoins Boston by a spacious bridge. The

A copy of the map which should
appear at this point may be
examined at the William L.
Clements Library, Map Division.

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patriot will scarcely content himself with a remote view of this impressive scene, designated by a monument to the memory of general Warren, who fell distinguished on that occasion. At a distance of about two miles, some hills are discerned, viz. Prospect Hill, Plowed Hill, Breed's Hill, and Bunker's Hill. As you advance on the road in rear of the navy yard at Charlestown, Breed's Hill rears its venerable brow on the left. Here it was, that a detachment from the American army of one thousand men under colonel Prescott* began at twelve o'clock in the night of the 16th of June 1775, to throw up some works extending from Charlestown to the river which separates that town from Boston. They proceeded with such secrecy and despatch that the officers of a ship of war then in the river, expressed their astonishment when in the morning they saw entrenchments reared and fortified in the space of a few hours, where, from the contiguity of the situation, they least expected the Americans would look them in the face.

The alarm being immediately given, orders were issued that a continual fire should be kept playing upon the unfinished works, from the ships, the floating batteries in the river, and Copp's Hill, a fortified post of the British in Boston, directly opposite the American redoubt; but, with extraordinary perseverance, the Americans continued to strengthen their works, not returning a shot till noon, when a number of boats and barges filled with regular troops from Boston approached Charlestown. The day was exceedingly hot. Ten companies of grenadiers, ten of light infantry, with a proportion of field artillery landed at Moreton's Point, the whole commanded by major-general Howe and brigadier-general Pigot. These troops having formed, remained in that position till joined by a second detachment of light infantry and grenadier companies, the 47th regiment, and a battalion of marines, making in the whole near three-thousand men.

The Americans had not a rifleman amongst them, not one being yet arrived from the southward, nor had they any rifle pieces; they had but common muskets, and these mostly without bayonets; but then they were almost all marksmen, being accustomed to sporting of one kind or other from their youth. A reinforcement of Massachusetts troops was posted in a redoubt, and in part of the breast-work nearest it. The left of the breast-work, and the open ground stretching beyond its point to the water side, along which time did not admit of accomplishing the work, were occupied partly by the Massachusetts, and partly by the Connecticut men under captain Nolton of Ashford, and the New Hampshire

* When future generations shall inquire, where are the men who gained the highest prize of glory in the arduous contest which ushered in our nation's birth, upon Prescott and his companions in arms will the eye of History beam. The military Annals of the world rarely furnish an achievement which equals the firmness and courage displayed on that proud day by the gallant band of Americans; and it certainly stands first in the brilliant events of our war.

under colonel Stark, the whole amounting to about one thousand five hundred men. By direction of the officers the troops upon the open ground pulled up the post and rail fence, and carrying it forward to another of the same kind, and placing some clods of grass between, formed a slight defence in some parts.

A critical scene now opened to the view. The British regulars, formed in two lines, advanced slowly, frequently halting to give time for the artillery to fire. The light infantry were directed to force the left point of the breast-work, and to take the American line in flank. The grenadiers advanced to attack in front, supported by two battalions, under general Howe, while the left, under general Pigot, inclined to the right of the American line. As the British advanced nearer and nearer to the attack, a carcass was discharged from Copp's Hill, which set on fire an old house in Charlestown, and the flames quickly spread to others. The houses at the eastern end of Charlestown were set on fire by seamen from the boats. The whole town consisting of about three hundred dwelling houses, and nearly two hundred other buildings, speedily became involved in one great blaze, being chiefly of timber. The large meeting house, by its aspiring steeple, formed a pyramid of fire above the rest. The houses, heights and steeples in Boston were covered with spectators of this anxious scene, and the surrounding hills were occupied by others.

The slow movement of the British troops advancing to the attack, afforded to the Americans the advantage of taking a surer and more deliberate aim. The wind having shifted, carried the smoke from the conflagration in such a direction that the British had not the cover of it in their approach. The destruction of the place however, served to prevent their opponents from effecting a lodgement in the houses whence they might have annoyed to advantage. General Warren, who had been appointed by congress a major-general in their armies only four days before, was every where aiding and encouraging his men. General Pomeroy commanded a brigade, and general Putnam, a brave and meritorious officer, directed the whole on the fall of general Warren. The troops were ordered to reserve their fire until the close approach of the British. They strictly obeyed, with a steadiness and composure that would have done honour to the most approved veterans, and when the enemy had arrived within ten or twelve rods poured in a discharge of small arms which arrested and so staggered their foes, that they could only for a time return it, without advancing a step. Finding the stream of the American fire so incessant as to mow down whole sections, they retired in disorder to the river. Rallying as well as their extraordinary loss of officers would admit of, the British again advanced with an apparent resolution of forcing their way, whatever loss of lives it might cost them. The Americans again reserved their fire till the enemy arrived within five or six rods, when, discharging their pieces, which were admirably pointed, threw the opposing ranks again into confusion. General Clinton, who, with general Gage, the com-

mander in chief of the British forces in Boston, was on Copp's Hill, observing the events of the day, when he perceived the disconcerted state of the troops, passed over and joined just in time to be of service. The united and strenuous efforts of the different officers were again successful, and the columns were advanced a third time to the attack, with a desperation increased by the unshaken opposition they experienced. It is probable from the nature of the resistance, that every effort to dislodge the Americans would have been ineffectual, had not their ammunition failed; on sending for a supply, none could be procured, as there was but a barrel and a half in the magazine. This deficiency prevented them from making the same defence as before; while the British enjoyed a farther advantage by bringing some cannon to bear so as to rake the inside of the breast-work from end to end, upon which the Americans were compelled to retreat within their redoubt. The British now made a decisive movement, covered by the fire of the ships, batteries, and field artillery. The Americans disputed possession of the works with the butt end of their muskets, until the redoubt, easily mounted and attacked on three sides at once, was taken, and their defences, the labour of only a few hours, had been prostrated by artillery. Whilst these operations were going on at the breast-work and redoubt, the British light infantry were engaged in attempting to force the left point of the former, through the space between that and the water, that they might take the American line in flank. The resistance they met with was as formidable and fatal in its effects as experienced in the other quarter; for here, also, the Americans by command, reserved their fire till the enemy's close approach, and then poured in a discharge so well directed and with such execution, that wide chasms were made in every rank. Some of the Americans were slightly guarded by the rail fences, but others were altogether exposed, so that their bravery in close combat was put to the test, independent of defences neither formed by military rules nor workmen. The most determined assaults of their regular opponents, who were now brought to the charge with redoubled fury, could not, after all, compel them to retreat, till they observed that their main body had left the hill, when they retrograded, but with a regularity that could scarcely have been expected of troops newly embodied, and who in general never before saw an engagement. Overpowered by numbers, and seeing all hope of reinforcement cut off by the incessant fire of the ships across a neck of land that separated them from the country, they were compelled to quit the ground.

The staunch opposition of this band of patriots saved their comrades, who must otherwise have been cut off, as the enemy, but for them, would have been in rear of the whole. While these brave heroes retired, disputing every inch of ground, and taking up every new position successively that admitted of defence, their leader, the gallant Warren, unfortunately received a ball through the right side of the skull, and mechanically clapping his hand to the wound, dropt down dead.

The British, taught by the experience of this day to respect their rustic adversaries, contented themselves with taking post at Bunkers' Hill, which they fortified. The Americans with the enthusiasm of men determined to be free, did the same upon Prospect Hill, a mile in front. It was here that general Putnam regaled the precious remains of his army after their fatigues, with several hogsheads of beer. Owing to some unaccountable error, the working parties who had been incessantly labouring the whole of the preceding night, were neither relieved nor supplied with refreshment, but left to engage under all these disadvantages.

This battle was generally admitted, by experienced officers of the British army who witnessed it and had served at Minden, Dettingen, and throughout the campaigns in Germany, to have been unparalleled for the time it lasted, and the numbers engaged. There was a continued sheet of fire from the breastwork for near half an hour, and the action was hot for about double that period. In this short space of time, the loss of the British, according to general Gage, amounted to 1054, of whom 226 were killed; of these 19 were commissioned officers, including a lieut. colonel, 2 majors, and 7 captains; 70 other officers were wounded.

The battle of Quebec, in the former war, with all its glory, and the vastness of the consequences attending it, was not so disastrous in the loss of officers as this affair of an American entrenchment, the work of but a few hours. The fact was, the Americans, accustomed to aim with precision and to select objects, directed their skill principally against the officers of the British army, justly conceiving that much confusion would ensue on their fall. Nearly all the officers around the person of general Howe were killed or disabled, and the general himself narrowly escaped. At the battle of Minden, where the British regiments sustained the force of the whole French army for a considerable time, the number of officers killed, including two who died soon after of their wounds was only 13, and the wounded 66; the total loss of the army on that occasion was 291 in killed, and 1037 wounded.

The British acknowledged the valour of their opponents, which, though by no means new to them, surpassed on this occasion what could have been expected of an *handful of cottagers*, as they termed them, under officers of little military knowledge and still less experience, whom they affected to hold in contempt.

They pretended to forget that many of the common soldiers who gained such laurels by their singular bravery on the Plains of Abraham, when Wolfe died in the arms of victory, were natives of the Massachusetts Bay. When Martinique was attacked in 1761, and the British force was greatly reduced by sickness and mortality, the timely arrival of the New England troops enabled the British commander to prosecute the reduction of the island to a happy issue. A part of the troops being sent on an expedition to the Havannah, the New-Englanders, whose health had been much impaired by service and the climate, were embarked in three ships for their native country, with a view to their recovery. Be-

fore they had completed their voyage, they found themselves restored, ordered the ships about, steered immediately for the Savannah, arrived when the British were too much weakened to expect success, and by their junction, contributed materially to the surrender of the place. Their fidelity, activity and good conduct were such as to gain the approbation and unbounded confidence of the British officers. Of such elementary principles were the heroes of Bunker's Hill composed. It surely was a misguided policy to rouse the opposition of men made of these materials.

A spot so fertile in great associations, could not but attract the special notice of the president of the United States, during his late tour to the eastward. It was precisely where Warren fell that his excellency met the citizens of Charlestown on the occasion, and addressed them as follows:

‘It is highly gratifying to me to meet the committee of Charlestown upon a theatre so interesting to the United States. It is impossible to approach Bunker Hill, where the war of the revolution commenced, with so much honour to the nation, without being deeply affected. The blood spilt here, roused the whole American people, and united them in a common cause, in defence of their rights.—That union will never be broken.’

Whether indeed we consider the action of the 17th June in itself, or as the prelude to succeeding events, we must pronounce it to be the most glorious of our history, for the numbers engaged and the defences made use of.

If we except that of New Orleans, no parallel is to be found to it, in the extent of impression produced upon the enemy. But there, time had been afforded for maturing the works, which were constructed under the superintendence of skilful engineers, and extended across a position that could not be outflanked. Twelve hours only were gained for those on Breed's Hill, formed, during a great part of the time, under a heavy fire from the enemy's ships, a number of floating batteries, beside fortifications which poured upon them an incessant shower of shot and shells, and left incomplete, owing to the intolerable cannonade.

We shall close this account, as illustrative of the engraving, with an extract from general Wilkinson's memoirs vol. I.

‘In the temper of the colonists, the deliberate attack on the Provincials at Breed's Hill, the 17th of June 1775, under the orders of general Gage, became the signal for a general appeal to arms. These, indeed, were times which tried men's souls, but they have passed away, and may they never be forgotten. The personal services and sufferings of those days ought ever to obtain that consideration, which the blessings of liberty and independence secured, should inspire.

‘On the evacuation of Boston by the enemy, I accompanied colonels Stark and Reed to take a view of Bunker's Hill,—that memorable theatre of action, where the sword dissevered the ties of consanguinity, and cut asunder the social bonds that united the American colonies to the parent state.

‘Arrived on the field of battle, where those officers had performed conspicuous parts, with anxious inquiry I traced the general disposition of our yeomanry on that eventful day, and the particular station of each corps; I marked the vestiges of the *post and rail fence* on the left, and the breast work, thrown up on the beach of Mystic river, which covered our armed citizens. I paced the distance to the point from whence the British light infantry, after three successive gallant charges, were finally repulsed. I examined the redoubt, the entrenchment, the landings and approaches of the enemy, and every point of attack and defence. Resting on the parapet where, nine months before, ‘valour’s self might have stood appalled,’ I surveyed the whole ground at a glance, and eagerly devoured the information imparted by my brave companions.*

‘With a throbbing breast I stepped from this ground of unequal conflict, where American farmers, contending for the rights of nature, for their wives and children and posterity unborn, bared their bosoms to the bayonets of veteran mercenaries, where victory so long balanced between native courage and disciplined bravery, between freemen who contended for liberty, and the armed ruffian who fights for bread; and following my leaders, we traversed the ruins of Charlestown, lately the abode of thousands animated by the buz of active industry and social happiness, now buried in its own ashes.

‘The resolution displayed by the provincials on this memorable day, produced effects auspicious to the American cause, and co-extensive with the war; for, although compelled by superior numbers to yield the ground, the obstinacy of their resistance put an end to that confidence with which they had been first attacked, and produced measures of caution, bordering on timidity. There can be no doubt that we were indebted to these causes for the unmolested occupancy of our position before Boston, which to complete the investment, was necessarily extended from Roxbury on the right, to Mystic river on the left, a rectilinear distance of about four miles.

‘To the cool courage and obstinacy displayed on the occasion, and the moral influence of the bloody lesson which sir William Howe received on that day, we must ascribe the military phenomenon of a motley band of undisciplined American yeomanry, scarcely superior in number, holding an army of British veterans in close siege for nine months; and hence it might fairly be inferred, that our independence was essentially promoted by the consequence of this single battle.’

[This subject will be resumed in our next number, when we shall give some additional particulars, which we had calculated on receiving in time for the present.]

ART. XII.—*Brief Memoirs of the late Dr. Caspar Wistar.*

WHEN men eminent in their day for talent, acquirement, and public usefulness, are called from the society of this world, it is desirable that some memorials of their public career should be given, to gratify the curiosity of those who survive them. We are all desirous of receiving information concerning men who were honoured in their lives, and lamented in their deaths not merely by the world at large, but by those also, who knowing them intimately, best knew their title to public esteem. Such memorials serve, not to gratify a laudable curiosity, but to furnish reflection,

* Stark had commanded a company of provincials under general Wolfe.

on the means by which public eminence has been acquired, and to impress the value of public approbation so earned as Dr. Wistar earned it, and so cheerfully bestowed by his fellow citizens on this estimable man during the whole extent of his useful life, from the commencement of his public career, to the mournful period of its close.

Dr. Wistar was born in the year 1760: his father was a German from the Palatinate, who emigrated to this country about sixty years ago, and settled as a glass manufacturer in New Jersey. He belonged to the society of friends, of which society Dr. Wistar remained a member as long as he lived. He was educated at the grammar School established by William Penn in Philadelphia, and early determined on the profession of Physic as his future pursuit. With this view, he entered as a private pupil with Dr. John Redman, and attended the Lectures then given in the medical school of Philadelphia, which was daily rising in public estimation. It will not be irrelevant, to give a brief history of this school to whose reputation Dr. Wistar so essentially contributed.

The Institution termed, "The college, academy, and charitable school of Philadelphia," was first projected in 1749, but not chartered as an Incorporation until the year 1753. The power of conferring degrees was given to it under the foregoing title, in 1755.

In 1764 Dr. William Shippen and Dr. John Morgan, projected the plan of a medical school in Philadelphia: in 1765 the former gentleman was appointed Professor of Anatomy in that school, and Dr. Morgan, who delivered a discourse on the establishment of medical schools in America, at the commencement held in the college in 1765, was nominated Professor of the Institutes of Medicine. In 1768 Dr. A. Kuhn was appointed Professor of Botany. Dr. B. Rush, in 1769, Professor of Chemistry, and Dr. T. Bond gave clinical lectures at the hospital independent of the medical Institution of the College.

In 1779 the Legislature of Pennsylvania, conferred on the College a charter of Incorporation as an *University*: but as the Rev. Dr. W. Smith who had been at the head of the College as Provost, was suspected of opinions unfriendly to the prevailing state of politics, new trustees were appointed, Dr. Smith was removed, and the Rev. Dr. John Ewing appointed in his place.

In the year 1789 a law passed, continuing the University, but reviving the college, and two seminaries of medical as well as of general learning, were established with distinct profession: but this plan was too extended for the limited number of pupils and students at that day to support; it was found neither sufficiently lucrative to the profession, or useful to the public; and in 1791 the legislature incorporated the two Institutions under the present denomination of the University of Pennsylvania, with the addition of the Professorships of Law, of Natural History, and of the German Language. Dr. Shippen lectured the first year to ten students, while Dr. Wistar, studied medicine in the shop of Dr. Redman, he attended the lectures of Drs. Shippen, Morgan, Kuhn, and Rush. In 1783 he

but arose to deliver his lecture at the university. On his return home, he was too feeble to go up stairs. He was supported to his bed, out of which he rose no more. He died on Thursday evening the 22nd. of January 1818 about half past eight o'clock, after an illness of six or seven days.

We cannot close this account better than by the brief obituary inserted the next day in one of the public papers of this city, drawn up by one of his friends, who well knew his worth, and greatly lamented the death, of this kind hearted, and most useful man.

“Died on Thursday evening, at half past eight o'clock, aged 56, at his house in South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Dr. *Caspar Wistar*, many years a physician of the first eminence in the city of Philadelphia, and professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania.

“The loss of this gentleman will be severely felt in this city, by all classes of the community. His great knowledge and attention as a physician, the kindness of his tones, the mildness of his manners, his careful attendance upon the poor, who could not reward, equally assiduous as upon the rich who could, will long endear him to all who knew Dr. Wistar in this most useful character.

“As a professor of anatomy, he has not been equalled in this country, and he has been excelled in no other. Perfect master not only of the minutiae of his profession, but of the most effectual modes of teaching it, his lectures were always crowded.—Those students who were not compelled to attend for the sake of a degree, were induced to attend for the sake of information. The skill and care with which his subjects were prepared and brought forward—the simple, neat, intelligible style of his lectures—the kind and friendly character of his voice and manner—his anxiety to make his students fully comprehend what they had to learn—and his great success in these endeavours, have long been admired, and will be long remembered.

“As a scientific man, it will be difficult to replace him in scientific society here. His constant aim was to promote knowledge of all kinds, in all ways. His house was the hospitable resort of scientific strangers from every quarter of the world—his weekly conversation parties through the winter, were the means of concentrating and diffusing every kind of useful intelligence in the philosophical world, nor will his friends who usually met there, ever forget the elegant hospitality of his parties, or the charms of his own conversation that enlivened them.

“Dr. Wistar had for some years been afflicted by obstructions in the chest, and irregularities of the pulse. About a week ago, he was seized with a low fever, not distinctly characterized as a Typhus, but which with his constitutional complaints, deprived his friends of a man whose society will hardly be replaced, and the community of one of its brightest ornaments.” *T. C.*

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ART. XIII.—*Notoria; or Miscellaneous Articles of Philosophy, Literature and Politics.*

MECHANICS.

The Elbe cleared by an Englishman.

—A letter from Magdebourg says—The Prussian government made a contract with Mr. Humphreys, the proprietor of the steam-boats, to clear the Elbe of trunks of trees and piles, which embarrassed the navigation. M. Humphreys invented a simple machine, which required only three ordinary workmen, a boatman, and a mechanist to direct them. A time was chosen for trying it, when the waters were low. It was wished to extirpate a line of piles, which were at the bottom of the water, and against which every effort had failed (driven, perhaps, upon some military occasion.) These piles, armed with iron were 15 feet below the surface of the water, in a rocky soil. In an hour and a half twenty-five of them were drawn out; they were brought up with pieces of rock adhering to them. On a second trial, trees covered with sand and mud were taken out with equal facility. The first was an oak of 48 feet long and 4 in diameter. The pincers having seized it, the operation did not last half an hour. The enterprise attracted a great number of spectators, and its success was complete. A great service has thus been rendered to the navigation of the Elbe.

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would, in most cases, be worth some additional expense.

M. Biot takes occasion to point out an abuse which is now attempted by some individuals in France. Two companies, it seems, are demanding an exclusive privilege for the employment of steam-boats; one for having imported this machine, so long known, published, engraved, with all its details, in a hundred works; the other, for having thought of this application thirty years ago, though he had abandoned it without deriving any advantage from it. "At this rate," says M. Biot, "there is no foreign invention of which a man may not appropriate to himself the exclusive enjoyment to the detriment of his countrymen. To act thus is purely and simply to undo for his country the benefits which printing procures to civilization."

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lamps, the expense of lighting by gas will be about a third of that by oil. The following is an estimate made by a friend of M. Biot, of the expense of such an establishment, where the original machinery had cost 25,000 francs.

Interest on the capital,	1500 francs.
Coal used,	3000
Keeping up and working the machinery, . . .	1520

Annual expense, . .	6020
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6000 lbs. tar (<i>goudron</i>)	
at 30 fr. per 100	1800
Ammoniacal liquor,	200
5000 lbs. coak, at 26 fr.	1300

Produce,	3300
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Expense of lighting 400 lamps,	2720
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Ed. Mag.

So great is the superiority of gas-light to that of the common lamp, that the whole of the New Mint, with the surrounding military-way and adjoining edifices, have been lighted with gas. The apparatus is constructed on a new plan, and is erected within the walls of the mint. The gas is prepared, not by distilling coal in retorts, as hitherto, but by means of a cylinder kept red hot, and revolving round its axis. The cylinder is upwards of ten feet in diameter, and produces, in twenty-four hours, a sufficient quantity of gas to light sixteen hundred lamps. The purification of the crude coal-gas is effected by chlorine instead of quick-lime, and all the inlet and outlet mains and pipes are made to open and shut by mercurial valves. The quantity of gas daily made and consumed by the burners and lamps is registered, in the absence of the observer, on a dial-plate of a machine, the moving power of which is gas. The effect of the numerous lights scattered upon so extensive a scale over the beautiful machinery of the coining processes, is very striking.

M. Mag.

Some important experiments have lately been made in Staffordshire, with a new mechanic power, for the conversion of the motion of two parallel lines into a rotative, called the *Convertor*.—The apparatus was applied to a crane, in lieu of a winch, the men working in a rowing posture instead of turning

round the handles, as the common way. The advantages derived from this ingenious change of the application of man's force became wonderfully obvious and interesting; the hands of the workers passing to and fro in straight lines through the same extent of space, in the same time, to perform one revolution of the winch axis, as with the old motion; so that mechanically speaking, no time was lost or power gained, as far as regarded the nature of the machine. But, as to the application of man's force, the following results fully establish the very great importance of the invention:—The men working the crane, sat upon benches opposite to each other, and applied more force, with much less labour, than with the winch, and thereby heaving a greater weight with more facility; with this further advantage, the weight was always, through every part of its ascent, secured from falling by a retrograde motion, as a part of the apparatus was always paused, or locked, while the other part was in motion; and when thrown out of gear, by the simple elevation of a lever, the weight was lowered with the greatest security and despatch. This apparatus is getting up for the cranes at the Dock-yards; it appears most importantly applicable to all machines that are worked by a crank, revolving handle, winch, handspike, or capstan bar, and will produce a very extended and interesting revolution in mechanics. It is one of the most important discoveries ever made by an Englishman; forming a new organ or power of more extensive use than the lever, the wheel, the wedge, the pulley, the inclined plane, the screw, &c. &c. In purchases, by uniting all these mechanic organs or powers, it may produce many new and important results in mechanics, manufactures, agriculture, and commerce. It will also render manual labour applicable to many new purposes, and thereby give very increased and lucrative employ to the working classes; by making all those works that are now in use depending upon a rotatory motion, more easy, safe, and secure; by which the lives, limbs, and health of the labourers will be greatly preserved from risks they have hitherto been liable too. This change of motion has been for ages anxiously sought for; more particularly since the discovery of the Steam power.

Gent. Mag.

USEFUL ARTS.

On Lithography, or Printing from Stone. By M. Quatremere de Quincy.

—This art, which is only beginning to be known in Britain, was invented, and has been carried to great perfection, in Germany. Aloys Seneselder, a singer in the theatre of Munich, was the first who observed the property possessed by calcareous stones of retaining lines made by a thick ink, and of transmitting them in all their purity to paper, applied with a strong pressure to the surface of the stone. He observed besides, that the same effect may be repeated by moistening the stone, and applying to the same lines a new dose of printing black. In 1800, he obtained from the king of Bavaria an exclusive privilege for the use of his process during the space of thirteen years; and, in concert with the Baron d'Arete, he formed at Munich a lithographic establishment, where music, and collections of models of different kinds, are still engraved.

This invention has made few proselytes in Paris, and would perhaps be still unknown there, but for the efforts of M. Engelmann. It would be too tedious to describe the whole process, but the following are the principles on which it depends:

1. A line traced with a crayon, or a thick ink, upon stone, adheres so strongly, that mechanical means are necessary in order to efface it.

2. All the parts of the stone not covered with this substance receive, preserve, and absorb water.

3. If, over the stone thus prepared, there be passed an oily and coloured substance, it will attach itself to the lines drawn by the ink or crayons, and will be repelled by the moistened parts.

In a word, the lithographic process depends on this, that a stone moistened with water repels ink, while the same stone, covered with an oily substance, repels water, and absorbs ink. Thus, when a sheet of paper is pressed upon the stone, the greasy and coloured lines will be transferred to it, and will present a copy of the design drawn upon the stone. *Ed. Mag.*

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A stone adapted to the purposes of lithography has been lately discovered in East Lothian, on the estate of the earl of Wemyss and March. Various successful experiments have already

been made with it by Mr. Ruthven, the ingenious inventor of the patent printing-press. *ib.*

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France. The art of Lithography is making a most rapid progress, from the rival exertions of Count LASTEYRIE and M. ENGELMANN: their spirited emulation has done for it what a monopoly would not have accomplished in a century. Have we not seen, indeed, lithography commenced with spirit and under the happiest auspices, and abandoned as unable to replace engraving even for the commonest purposes? Under Count Lasteyrie's care, it rivals copper in almost every line of engraving, and possesses, besides, advantages peculiar to itself. A series of lithographic prints, by Count Lasteyrie, now publishing in Paris, under the title of "A Collection of different kinds of Lithographic Impressions, which may be advantageously applied to the Sciences, and the Mechanical and Liberal Arts." The second number, containing six plates, has just appeared; an account of them cannot fail to interest our readers. The first is the original design of a great master,—a pen-and-ink drawing, which is rendered with perfect fidelity and spirit. This plate offers, too, another species of interest, and that very important; the design has been traced on the stone upwards of sixteen years, and the proofs are as fine and spirited as if it had not been done so many days. This is a triumphant proof that lithographic designs upon stone may be kept any length of time, like a copper-plate. The second plate is a pencil-drawing of a plant; we have seen an engraving of the same plant in a botanical work of great luxury of execution, and we hesitate not to prefer the lithographic impression. The third plate presents various specimens of writing—Italic, roman, &c. and fac-similes of old Greek manuscripts. In this department the lithographic art is unrivalled; it presents the originals with an accuracy in every way that it is impossible for any other branch of art ever to attain. The fourth plate is a topographic plan cut in stone, which produces a very striking and peculiar effect. The Count Lasteyrie's Battle of Austerlitz may be cited as a model of perfection in this way. The fifth plate is a pencil-design of a nosegay of roses; lithography seems excellently calculated to render with

truth the various parts of flowers with a softness and precision resembling nature. The sixth plate is written music, or, as the lithographers denote it, *autographed music*. The method by which this plate is executed displays one of the most important advantages of lithography—a person writes a letter, composes music, or makes a drawing on paper in the ordinary way, excepting that he uses a peculiar ink; this is transferred to the stone by simply passing it through the press, and the stone, without further preparation, is ready to print off thousands of proofs, all equally perfect. It is this quality of lithography that has secured its admission into all the French public offices: by its means 60,000 or 70,000 proclamations, in the autograph of the minister, may be taken off and despatched before the plate even could be engraved. In the branch of landscape, the Count Lasteyrie has recently surpassed his former efforts so far that they will not bear any comparison with each other: it is difficult to fix the limits of genius, united with application, or we should be inclined to believe that he had very nearly attained the perfection at which it is possible for the art to arrive.

M. Mag.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A most valuable collection of Javan natural history, birds, animals, a vast herbary, &c. in addition to the minerals mentioned in last number, has also we are now informed been deposited in the Hon. company's Museum. The praise of securing to his country the means of extending our knowledge in these very interesting and useful branches of mental cultivation belongs to Sir T. S. Raffles; Dr. Horsfield, an American gentleman, had been for some years employed by the Dutch, and afterwards the French governments of the island as professor of natural history; this gentleman who was actuated by great zeal for the accomplishment of the task he had undertaken, on the arrival of the British authority, found himself not only patronized, but powerfully stimulated by the perpetually active energies of the Lieut. Governor. The intention of developing and presenting to European science the entire natural history of Java, was worthy of

sir Thomas, and without doubt had been accomplished in a manner deserving the thanks of the learned of all nations, had not Java been restored. But for this, humanity as well as literature, may have long occasion for regret.

Asiatic Jour.

Some time ago an application was made to government, by the University of Edinburgh, for the improvement of its museum of Natural History. For this purpose, it was requested, that instructions might be issued to the different ministers and public servants abroad, recommending that they should avail themselves of every opportunity of collecting specimens, and should transmit them to the University to be added to its museum. A favourable answer to this application having been received from lord Castlereagh, professor Jameson drew up the following directions as to the best mode of preserving the various objects of Natural History. We gladly avail ourselves of his obliging permission to insert them, as we are persuaded that, besides answering the object immediately in view, they will be found eminently useful to all who pursue the different branches of this extensive and important science.

Quadrupeds and Birds.—Quadrupeds and birds to be preserved by taking off their skins, which may be easily done, by making an incision in a straight line, from the vent to the throat, and removing the skin by means of a blunt knife. The skull, and bones of the legs and feet are to be left. The brain, eyes, and tongue, ought also to be extracted. The skin, in order that it may be preserved from decay, should be also rubbed on the outside with some one of the following compositions: 1st, tanners' bark well dried and pounded, one part; burnt alum, one part; and in a hot climate one part of sulphur; to be well mixed together.—2d, tanners' bark well dried and pounded, one part; tobacco, perfectly dried, one part; burnt alum, one part: add to every ounce of these ingredients one ounce of camphor, and half an ounce of sulphur. (*N. B.* No sublimate or arsenic ought to be put on the skins, as both substances destroy their texture.) These compositions to be kept for use in well corked bottles or jars.

Skins, when thus prepared, and per-

fectly dry, must be packed carefully in boxes, the lids of which ought to be pasted up, and in the paste used in fixing the paper, a little corrosive sublimate must be put, which prevents insects from eating through the paper.

Reptiles and Fishes.—Reptiles and fishes are best preserved in spirit of wine, rum, or whisky, some of which must be injected into the stomach, through the mouth, and into the other intestines through the anus. Before putting them into bottles, jars, or barrels, they ought to be washed clean of slimy matter. If long kept in spirits before they are sent, the spirits should be changed two or three times. The jars or bottles ought to be closed by means of sheet-lead and bladders. The larger reptiles, as crocodiles, and the larger fishes, may be preserved in the same manner as quadrupeds and birds.

Animal Concretions.—Concretions of various kinds are occasionally found in the brain, lungs, heart, liver, kidneys, gall-bladder, intestines, and urinary bladder. The stomachs of many animals afford concretions of different kinds, particularly those known under the name of *Bezoar Stones*; and travellers inform us, that stones are met with in the eggs of the ostrich. All of these bodies are interesting and valuable to the natural historian.

Skeletons.—Collectors ought not to neglect to preserve the skeletons of the different species of animals. Of man, the skull is the most interesting part, as it varies in the different races of the human species, and is also frequently singularly altered by the practices of savage tribes. The best way of cleaning bones, is to expose them to the air, and allow the insects to eat off the flesh. This being done, they ought to be washed with sea water, and afterwards freely exposed to the sun. The best skulls are obtained by putting the whole head in rum or whiskey, or a strong solution of alum; and both male and female heads ought if possible to be preserved.

Molluscous Animals, — Vermes and Zoophytes.—Molluscous animals, such as cuttle-fish, the inhabitants of shells, &c. Vermes or worms, and Zoophytes, or animals of the coral and other allied kinds, ought all to be preserved in spirits; and in the two former classes, viz. the Mollusca and Vermes, the spirit of wine should be injected into the in-

testines, by means of a syringe, to prevent the putrefaction of the internal parts, and the consequent destruction of the organs of digestion, respiration, and of the nervous system. Many Zoophytes or Corals, or rather their houses, may be preserved dry; but fragments of every species ought to be put into spirits, that the real structure of the animal may be discovered.

Shells.—Shells, or the coverings of Molluscous animals, are anxiously sought after by the naturalist, not only on account of their great beauty, but also from their intimate connexion with the various fossil species met with in rocks of different kinds. The best live shells are collected by means of a trawling-net, such as is used by fishermen, if the depths are not too great; they are also brought up by the cable in weighing anchor, the log-line, and in sounding.

After a storm, good shells may be picked up on sea beaches or shores, as the violent agitation of the ocean in a tempest separates them from their native beds, and often casts them on the shore. Shells that have been much tossed about by the waves, are of less value than fresh ones; but these, when other specimens are not to be got, ought to be carefully collected. Many interesting shells are found in rivers and lakes; and numerous species occur on the surface of the land.

Fresh shells, or those in which the animal is still alive, ought to be thrown into hot water, the temperature of which may be gradually brought to the boiling point, by the repeated additions of hotter portions, by which means the animal will be killed. The shells are allowed to cool for two or three minutes, and then the animal is picked out.

Insects.—Beetles of every kind are speedily deprived of life by putting into boiling water, which does not injure those having black, brown, or any dark colour; but those which are covered with fine down, or have brilliant colours and lustre, should not be exposed to moisture, but are easily killed, if put into a phial, and placed in a vessel of boiling water for some time. When the insects are quite motionless, such as have been in the water should be exposed to the air and sun for a day or two, until perfectly dry. In this state, they are to be placed in boxes with

cotton-wool, along with camphor. Beetles may also be preserved in spirit of wine.

Butterflies, moths, and many other tribes of insects, with delicate and tender wings, may be easily killed, by pressing the thorax or breast betwixt the finger and thumb; and it is preferable to have the wings closed, because they thus occupy less space, their colour and lustre are better preserved, and they can be expanded afterwards by the steam of hot water. Care should be taken that the antennæ or feelers and legs are not injured. A pin should be stuck through them, by means of which they are fastened to the bottom of a box lined with cork, or to one of deal, or other soft wood. Camphor ought to be put into the box.

The Arachnides or Spiders are best preserved in spirits.

In collecting insects, we use either the forceps or a net. The forceps are about ten or twelve inches in length, provided with fans of a circular or other form, and are covered with fine gauze. They are held and moved as a pair of scissors. The net is very easily made. It is of gauze, or any very fine open muslin, made upon a piece of cane of four feet long, split down the middle about the half of the length: the split part is tied together, so as to form a hoop, upon which the gauze is sewed in the form of a bag; the lower part serves as a handle, and with this, all flying insects may be very easily caught. When the insect is once within the rim of the net, by turning it on either side, its escape is completely prevented by the pressure of the gauze or muslin against the edge of the hoop.

Crabs.—Crabs, Lobsters, &c. may be suffocated in spirits of wine or turpentine, and then dried in an oven.

Crustaceous Animals.—Sea Stars, after washing in fresh water, may be extended on boards by means of pins, and when dry, laid between folds of paper, and packed in a box with a little camphor.

In Echini or Sea Eggs, the soft internal parts are to be extracted by the anus: they are then to be stuffed with cotton, and carefully packed with tow or cotton. Particular attention should be paid to the preserving of the spines.

Seeds.—In collecting seeds, it is desirable that they should be well ripened, and dried in the sun. Large quantities

should never be put together, but only a few, and these well selected. They retain their vegetative powers much better if tied up in linen or cotton cloth, than in any other substances; and if then packed up in small boxes, and placed in an airy part of the ship, there is every probability of their arriving in a sound state. The same remark applies to bulbous roots. Bulbs should never be put in the same box with seeds. The boxes with seeds, and with bulbs, ought never to be put into the ship's hold.

Dried Plants.—The greater part of plants dry easily between leaves of books, or other paper. If there be plenty of paper, they often dry best without shifting; but if the specimens are crowded, they must be taken out frequently, and the paper dried before they are replaced. Those plants which are very tenacious of life, ought to be killed by the application of a hot iron, such as is used for linen, after which they are easily dried. The collections to be carefully packed in boxes with camphor, and closed in the same manner as directed for quadrupeds and birds.

Minerals.—1. Every mineral, from the most common clay or sand, to the gem, ought to be collected.

2. Specimens of rocks, such as granite, porphyry, limestone, &c. should, if possible, be broken from fixed rocks, and not from loose masses, which are generally decayed. In selecting the specimens, one set ought to represent the different varieties of appearance presented by the rock in the fresh state, another, the rock in its different states of decomposition.

3. When the specimens of simple minerals, or rocks, contain crystals, they ought to be wrapped in gauze-paper, then in cotton, and afterwards in several folds of strong wrapping-paper.

4. The specimens of rocks ought, if possible, never to be less than four inches square, and one inch in thickness, and of a square form. As soon as they have been prepared, they should be labelled, and wrapped in several folds of strong wrapping-paper. When paper cannot be procured, moss, or other soft vegetable substance, may be substituted for it.

5. The sands of deserts, steppes, and rivers, ought to be carefully collected. The sands of rivers often contain pre-

cious stones and metals, and hence become very interesting objects to the naturalist. The sands of deserts and steppes throw much light on the nature of the surrounding country, and are much prized by the geologist.

6. Numerous mineralized animal and vegetable remains occur imbedded in strata of different kinds; all these ought to be very carefully collected, and preserved. Abundance of shells in a fossil or petrified state, are met with in limestone; of vegetables in slate-clay, sandstone, &c.; and numerous bones, and even whole skeletons of quadrupeds, birds, amphibious animals, fishes, and even of insects, occur in rocks of various descriptions.

7. The mineralogist ought to provide himself with hammers of various sizes. One for common use of two pounds weight; others, three, four, and six pounds weight. He ought also to provide himself with chisels of various sizes and forms, and with a set of small boring-irons. A miner's compass, small magnifying glass, goniometer, and blow-pipe, ought also to form part of his equipment. The two first are indispensably necessary for the travelling mineralogist. Nor should he neglect to provide himself with a strong bag; the form that of a fowling-bag, lined with strong leather, covered with wax-cloth, and the outside of some durable cloth.

Antiquities, Articles of Dress, Agricultural, Hunting, and Warlike Instruments, &c. of different Nations and Tribes.—The collecting of the various articles just enumerated, is particularly recommended, as these objects illustrate, in a very interesting manner, the past and present condition of the human species.

Drawings.—Drawings of zoological and geological subjects,—also of the scenery of countries,—the costume of different nations and tribes,—form valuable documents for the natural historian.

Ed. Mag.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Turin, Aug. 30.—Count Camille Borgia, a celebrated archæologist, is just dead in this city, in the flower of his age. His widow will publish an important work which he has left behind. He had resided a considerable time in Africa, and under the protection of the Bey of Tunis he had oppor-

tunities of making researches, and taking plans of two hundred and fifty half-ruined towns or villages, and had obtained permission to copy three Arabic manuscripts in the Bey's own library, two of which are wholly unknown in Europe. *Asiat. Jour.*

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A Moorish lord, named Sidi Omback-Ben-Bey, has arrived in Paris. He travels through Europe to inform and report to his countrymen the result of his discoveries and travels. *ib.*

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The Russian frigate *Kamschatka*, is refitting at Spithead, for a voyage round the world. She arrived the other day from Cronstadt. *ib.*

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Travellers; Antiquities.—M. de Richter, a Livonian, and a Mr. Liedman, a Swede, during the course of the year 1815, visited the whole of Egypt and Nubia; and are now intent on publishing the result of their researches, which will contribute to complete those of Bruce, of lord Valentia, and of Mr. Salt. They returned by way of Syria, whence Mr. Liedman took the direction of Constantinople. M. de Richter has determined on another excursion, and has taken his Journey North East with the intention to penetrate into Bactria.

We hope that these travellers and all others, will take warning from the death of poor Seetzen, who certainly was murdered for the sake of the wealth supposed to be contained in his convoy of *seventeen* camels!—and will preserve a moderation, not to say, a privacy, that prudence will ever hold to be indispensable. *Lit. Pan.*

STATISTICS &c.

On the Charitable Establishments of Paris. by M. Raynouard. (Journal de Savans.)—PARIS contains ten hospitals for the sick, (*hopitaux*), nine charitable houses, (*hospices*), and twenty-two houses destined for beneficent purposes, (*bureaux de bienfaisance*.)

The Hotel Dieu, the most ancient hospital in Paris and, perhaps in Europe, has existed since the seventh century. It was long the only hospital which received the sick of both sexes, and every age,—foundlings, pregnant women, and even maniacs. Till very lately, these were crowded together in ill arranged halls, two, four, and even

six in the same bed. Since the commencement of the present century, these inconveniences have been remedied; new halls have been constructed, better divided, and better aired; and the consequence has been a considerable diminution of the mortality. Generally speaking, there die in the hospitals 1 in 7 1-2, and in the *hospices* 1 in 6 1-2. The patients remain, on an average, a month and ten days in the hospital.

The Lying-in Hospital received in 1814, women to the number of 2700, of whom 2400 acknowledged themselves not to be married.

The Foundling Hospital, from 1804 to 1814, received 23,458 boys, and 22,463 girls; in all, 45,921; of this number 4130 were supposed to be legitimate.

The average annual expense of the hospitals is about 2,300,000 francs; (l. 110,000.) The number of patients received is about 35,500. The *hospices* receive only about 5900, but they receive them to remain for life.

In regard to aids given at home, the number of poor persons thus relieved amounted, in 1804, to nearly 87,000; in 1813, to 103,000; and this last may be considered as nearly the medium term of the ten years.

Reception of the Russian Embassy in Persia.

On the 31st of July, the Russian Ambassador, Lieut. Gen. Yermoloff, was admitted with great solemnity, to a first audience of the Sovereign of Persia, Feth Aly Schah, in a magnificent tent. The ambassador having with him a band of music, strong detachments of Cossacks, and a brilliant suite, was received by a body of 3000 Persian horsemen, of distinction, and by a guard of honour of 200 men. He was then received by the brother-in-law of the Schah, as well as by the late Persian ambassador in Russia, Muza Khan, who wore the insignia of the orders of the Lion and of the Sun, and the Portrait of the Schah.

There was in the tent of the Schah, and in the neighbourhood, a great number of troops and spectators, as well as four Rasaka Shy, or Lictors, in the exercise of their functions, having steel axes, incrustated with gold, and the handles ornamented with precious stones. The ambassador having made three

salutations, the Schah, seated on a magnificent throne, called out to him. "Be welcome." Among them was captain Kotzebue. The Schah was told that this officer had passed three years in a voyage round the world, but that he had, above all, desired to see the great sovereign of Persia. The Schah took it as a pleasantry, and said, smiling, "Well, then, now you have seen every thing." The crown of the Schah is formed of the most costly jewels, and from the shoulder to the girdle he was covered with rich jewels; his dagger was also adorned with them, which looked incredibly brilliant in the sun. At the back of the tent were the fourteen sons of the Schah, in the most respectful attitude. When the ambassador pronounced the name of Feth-Aly-Schah, all the persons present made a profound inclination.

Three days after the grand audience, the ambassador was invited to a public *fete*, which the Schah himself honoured with his presence.—The arrival of the sovereign was announced by the firing of five hundred small guns. As soon as he appeared, the heralds at arms wished him a long and happy reign. The prince then addressed some flattering expressions to Nachy-Momedi-Hysseim Khan, the Court Poet, who instantly delivered a long panegyric upon the Schah, extempore. The *fete* consisted of exercises in the eastern manner. After the *fete*, the Schah retired to prayer, and then returned to see the presents sent him by the emperor of Russia. He was greatly astonished to find that the presents in porcelain, crystal, velvet, and cloth embroidered with gold, were the produce of Russian art. He was particularly struck with a pyramid in precious wood and ivory, which, opening by means of a spring, presented a lady's complete dressing apparatus. This was one of the presents to the queen of Persia, which the ambassador took that opportunity of laying before her, with letters from the empress of Russia. The Schah also beheld with great admiration, a Psychemirror, in which he seemed to take great pleasure in contemplating himself. The second audience went off as agreeably as the first.

— *Lit. Pan.*

Death of Kosciusko.—The celebrated Polish general Kosciusko died at Soleure, in Switzerland, on the 15th ult.

A life full of virtue, and brilliant with glory, was terminated in calm tranquillity. He had lived for several years in retirement, the object of much veneration, surrounded only by the recollection of his fame, and by some faithful and unfortunate friends, to whom he was a constant benefactor. It was his wish that his funeral should be conducted with the utmost simplicity, and he expressed a desire that his mortal remains should be carried to the grave by the poor. The death of this celebrated general has excited the deepest regret; his friends wept bitterly over his tomb, and the name of the hero whose ashes it incloses, will be forever considered as allied with inflexible virtue, with patriotism, and the love of true glory. *ib.*

Professor Ewers has published in German, at Petersburg, the first volume of his *History of Russia*, in which particular regard is paid to the internal development of the Russian monarchy. This volume comes down to Peter the Great. The same writer, in association with M. Von Engelhard, has also published the first part of the first volume of *Contributions to the Knowledge of Russia and its History*. M. Von Engelhardt has moreover given to the public an *Introduction to Geognosy*.

— *Ed. Mag.*

NAVAL.

Timber to be Steamed in Salt Water.

The Eden that was lately sunk by way of experiment for the dry rot, has been minutely surveyed to ascertain the result, which appears to answer every expectation. The Mersey is to undergo the same treatment, and is preparing for that purpose. In future all timber and plank are to be boiled or steamed in salt instead of fresh water, as has been the general practice of late years.

— *Lit. Pan.*

Newly-invented Life Buoy.—Mr. Thomas Cook, Admiralty midshipman of the Rochefort has invented a life-buoy, for the preservation of the lives of seamen who may happen to fall overboard at sea during the night. It is so constructed as to contain a quantity of unextinguishable matter, which on letting go the buoy from the stern of the ship, is set fire to, and continues to burn for a considerable time above the surface of the water, thereby pointing

out to the person overboard a place of safety until further assistance can be sent to him. Trial was made of it alongside the Rochefort, on Wednesday last, in the presence of admiral Sir Edward Thornborough, K. C. B., captains Sir Archibald Dickson, Carteret, Boger, and Falcon, when it is represented to have answered the purpose intended extremely well. *ib.*

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An experiment was lately made at Portsmouth, on board his majesty's ship Wellesley, of a newly invented Syphon, which is intended to water ships from a tank-vessel, instead of pumping. The instrument is two feet and a half diameter, and it discharged twenty and a half tons per hour, which was considered a most satisfactory proof of its efficacious power.—It is the invention of Lieut. Rodgers. *Asiatic Jour.*

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

On Sir Humphrey Davy's Safety Lamp. By M. Biot.—M. Biot in the present article gives a succinct account of this admirable invention, now well known in this country and accompanies it with the following observations:—

“As long as the human mind remained a stranger to the benefits of experimental philosophy, that is to say, from the remotest times down to the age of Galileo, it was naturally believed that chance alone could make useful discoveries; and, by a necessary consequence, the observation of natural phenomena was regarded as a purely speculative branch of inquiry; but since theoretical considerations have given place to the careful and exact study of the properties of matter,—since the art was known of creating new phenomena, with the view of investigating the concealed qualities which we wish to know, an art of which Galileo and Newton first gave such memorable examples,—the sciences have acquired genuine wealth. Science, ably interrogated, has answered with precision; her answers have been benefits; even the vulgar have comprehended her power; they have learned to esteem these great men whose speculations had secretly prepared so many useful consequences.

The processes by which Sir H. Davy has found the means of protecting the life of miners against the attacks of

their most terrible enemy, present a new and memorable example of the advantages of that plan by which, from the most abstract principles of science, practical applications are drawn of the highest importance, but which, from the complicated nature of the elements on which they depend, chance could never have discovered.

The lamp of Sir H. Davy, for the lighting of mines, is more wonderful than the enchanted lamp of Aladdin. Here the gas itself is made to give warning of the danger which it threatens. This formidable enemy is not only conquered by science,—it is forced to serve; it becomes a sure guide, a submissive slave. Already in England, this lamp has preserved the lives of a great number of miners. So useful an invention we hope will soon be adopted in France, in the numerous coal-mines which are worked in that country. *Ed. Mag.*

We have great pleasure in announcing to our readers, that professor Leslie is at present engaged in a series of very curious and important experiments, which will throw new light on the constitution and phenomena of our atmosphere. In the prosecution of his views, he has been led to construct a delicate and powerful instrument, on which he has bestowed the name of *Æthrioscope*.

— *Ed. Mag.*

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

College at Corfu.—Too much praise cannot be given to lord Guildford, for his noble and beneficent exertions to promote the permanent establishment at Corfu of a college for the education of Grecian youths, and the ardour with which he follows up the same, his lordship being on the eve of his return to that island, to see the measure carried into effect.

— *Lit. Pan.*

University of Christiania.—The Norwegian government has taken laudable measures to promote the study of the sciences. The university library, which, though not inconsiderable was really poor in several departments, has received at once a sum of 7000*l.* sterling, in order to make good the deficiencies as far as possible. The library has been faithfully promised a sum annually, as soon as the finances of the state are in some measure regulated. A 1000*l.* have been given for the formation of a physical and chymical cabinet, and a

travelling stipend granted to the professor of physics and chymistry, in order that he may pass some years abroad. A 1000*l.* are likewise granted to purchase astronomical instruments for the observatory at Christiania. The university has rather more than one hundred students, among whom there are no foreigners. The system of education is exactly the same as at the university of Copenhagen. *ib.*

— Several young Russians have been sent to England at the public expense to learn the Lancasterian method of education, and are now about to introduce it in their own country. *ib.*

— *Germany.*—The emperor of Austria, desirous of advancing useful knowledge, and transplanting to his dominions some of the valuable natural productions of the new world, has availed himself of the opportunity of the marriage and departure of his daughter the Archduchess Leopoldine, to send to Brazil a number of men of science, who, with the permission of the king of Portugal, are directed to explore the most remarkable parts of that country, to examine the different productions of the three kingdoms of nature, and to enrich the European collections with specimens of them. His imperial majesty has granted the sums necessary for the expedition, and given the chief direction of it to prince Metternich. The persons appointed to proceed to Brazil for this purpose are:—Dr Mikon, a physician, and professor of Botany at Prague; M. Gatterer, belonging to the cabinet of Natural History; M. Enders, landscape painter; M. Schott, botanical gardener at the palace of Belvedere; Professor Pohl, advantageously known by several works on mineralogy; M. Buchberger, painter of plants; and M. Schick as librarian. The first four sailed from Trieste in the frigates *Austria* and *Augusta*, and the other three will embark at Leghorn with the Archduchess. M. Schreiber, director of the imperial cabinet of Natural History, is appointed to write the account of the voyage. Messrs. Spix and Martens, members of the academy of sciences at Munich, have joined the expedition.

— *Ed. Mag.*

— *Russia.*—The university of Dorpat in Livonia now numbers 300 students,

some of whom come from very remote parts of the empire, as well as from the provinces bordering on the Baltic. The buildings for the university are finished. One is occupied by a philosophical cabinet, and another by the library, containing nearly 30,000 volumes. In these buildings have also been provided halls for public orations, and other solemn acts of the university. The professors hold their lectures in a fine and spacious edifice, situated on the Dornberg; the anatomical theatre is arranged with taste. From amidst the ruins of the ancient cathedral rises another superb structure, one part of which contains the museum, and the other serves for the university church. Professor Jasche and Morgenstern are distinguished by their worth and erudition. In the *Lounge*, or reading-room, a stranger meets with all the scholars of Dorpat, and also the foreign literary, political, and philosophical journals.

ib.

Works in demand; for Honour.—The French Academy, prior to the late elections, adopted a singular rule with respect to the candidates for the vacant seats among that distinguished body. They made them produce all the literary works of which they had been the authors. This was in fact to call for a number of publications that had long sunk in obscurity, and many of which indeed were totally destroyed; for the confounded grocers and trunk-makers have no compassion. The malicious have given this affair a certain political character, which may be play to them, but is death to the subjects of it. They go so far as to say that the following story, has at least its foundation in truth: if it were less caustic it would more readily command credence.

One day, one of the most forgotten of the living French poets, was, in consequence of this rule, walking on the quay of the Louvre, and narrowly spying into every second-hand bookseller's shop. Suddenly, oh, mortifying spectacle, he observes on the pavement, huddled among other things, one of his fugitive pieces; and anxious to relieve it from its state of degradation, he asks the price of it. "That, Sir, replies the bookseller, "that is six-pence." "What do you mean by six-pence?" exclaims the author, piqued to find the productions of his genius estimated at

so low a rate, "you do not know what you are selling, friend." Pardon me, Sir, I know very well that it is not over and above clever, but then the paper is worth four-pence." "Hold, block-head!" replied the indignant poet, "here are fifteen-pence for it.—You deserve that in order to teach you your trade, I should give you thirty."

Political Summary.

France is tranquil. Louis XVIII appears to be engaged in admitting to confidence the old military of Bonaparte's army. Marshal Davoust, who, since the capitulation of Paris, has been in disgrace at the Thuilleries, was lately presented to the king, and received from his hands the *baton* of a marshal; and general Debelle, condemned to death for his adherence to Bonaparte, on his return from Elba, whose sentence was afterwards commuted to ten years imprisonment, has now been restored to liberty by a full pardon from the king. The royal family pay particular attention to the duke of Orleans, who, till lately, was not well received at court, and he seems intended for employment.

Throughout Great Britain, trade is reviving. The death of the princess Charlotte has engrossed much of the public attention. The question of the succession to the throne is affected by that event. The duke of York tendered his resignation as commander in chief, but has been solicited to continue in that capacity.

From the Netherlands we have nothing new, if we except the retirement of the hereditary prince of Orange from the command of the army, in consequence of a dispute with the minister of war, arising out of the young prince's public disrespect to the memory of the princess Charlotte of England, who had refused him for a husband. It is said he threw off his court mourning immediately after the church service performed in honour of the deceased, dressed himself in regimentals, and went to a public ball.

Ships continue to be equipped in England for the purpose of conveying officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, to aid the patriots in South America. One vessel has on board officers, fully equipped, and 200 privates, to form a rifle corps. Another is in a forward state of preparation, and has appointments for a cavalry regiment

600 strong, a third is freighted with the equipments of a lancer's corps, 400 strong. The officers are all men who have seen active service, and are of every rank, from lieutenant colonels to ensigns. The organization and arrangements are so complete, that they will be ready for immediate service on their arrival in America. Notices have been posted up in several coffee houses in London, inviting passengers to go on board vessels waiting to sail direct for South America; thus the circuitous route by St. Thomas's, formerly taken, is now dispensed with, and a great saving, both of time and expense, will be effected. Thirty thousand stand of arms had been shipped, minutely inspected by the agents for the independents, and are in general of the best description of materials, and well got up.

The acquisition of Florida by the United States is agitated, but nothing decisive appears to be concluded. The occupation of Amelia island, by a detachment of troops of the United States army, seems to be the fore-runner of events in that quarter. Whatever negotiations are pending, it is probable they will terminate amicably, as there seems a disposition generally prevalent among the different powers, cautiously to abstain from committing themselves in fresh hostility.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The fourth and last Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, with considerable notes, comprising Observations upon Society, Literature, &c., made during his Travels and Residence abroad. By the Right Hon. Lord Byron. 8vo.

The Dramatic Works complete, with the Poems, &c., of the late Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. To which will be prefixed an Essay on the Life and Genius of the Author. By Thomas Moore, Esq., Author of *Lalla Rookh*. 4vols. 8vo.

The Selected Beauties of British Poetry, with Lives of the Poets, and Critical Dissertations. To which will be prefixed, an Essay on English Poetry. By Thomas Campbell, Esq., Author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. 4 vols. post 8vo.

This work will contain a number of excellent little poems, which have been

but partially noticed—known only to amateurs, and transcribed in their common-place books; but most of them rarely, and some of them never, introduced into any collection of poetry. In the biographies, the editor has exerted the main part of his strength on the *merits* and *writings* of each poet as an Author, rather than in little anecdotes, and discoveries of his residence and conversation as a man, unless such things are striking, and can be obtained without sacrificing the great object of his efforts.—*To make a complete body of English Poetical Criticism.*

New Encyclopædia.

This is the age of Encyclopædias—a new work of this kind is announced in the London journals, termed the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* on the novel plan of an alphabetical and philosophical arrangement of subjects. This method was suggested some time since by Mr. Maxwell, printer, of this city, as combining the advantage of accommodation to purchasers of separate volumes, specially useful in their several spheres, and a division more agreeable to the organization of science, as well as more commodious for reference. It is proposed to comprise under each main division of subjects, every branch into which it can possibly diverge, instead of scattering in alphabetical fragments through successive volumes, published at distant periods of time, the various attributes that belong to it. This will be attended with the evident advantage of compact connexion, and will unquestionably be founded on more rational and systematic principles than have hitherto been observed in these important works.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

The Necessity of Protecting and Encouraging the Manufactures of the United States, considered in a Letter to James Monroe, Esq., President of the United States. By John Melish. Philadelphia. Published by John Melish. 1818. pp. 30.

This is a well meant endeavour to call the attention of the executive to the important subject of encouragement to domestic manufactures. In the late commercial treaty between the governments of the United States and Great

Britain, particular attention was had to the interest of the cotton planters, by securing an admission of cotton into the British islands from these states, in American vessels, on paying the same duty as cotton from the British possessions in British bottoms. How far the arrangement might be affected on the expiration of the existing treaty, by raising the duties on imports into the United States, (the only practicable mode of protecting domestic manufactures) could be best explained by those acquainted with the negotiations that preceded the adoption of our present tariff.

The Quarterly Theological Review, conducted by the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, A.M., of this city, published by A. Finley, Philadelphia.

The continuance of this quarterly publication, we are informed in the advertisement, will depend on the health of the conductor and the patronage it may experience. Whilst such journals as the "Christian Observer," and "Christian Register," continue to be published, and conducted with that ability and solemnity suited to the importance of the subjects treated of, it will require superior merits in the reverend clergyman (whose name, conspicuously displayed in the title page, may possibly be a guarantee for its reception,) to confer upon his work that celebrity which may enable it to rank with these performances of established reputation. We have been disappointed to find some flippant passages, and defects which should be carefully guarded against. The contents will show that a "Theological Review," has scarcely sufficient materials to support itself, without the introduction of some extraneous and apparently incongruous matter, they are:

"Review of Bishop White's essay on Assurance of Pardon. I. E. —'s reply to Bishop White's essay. A. Layman's reply to the bishop of Lincoln. Wirt's life of Patrick Henry. M^cLeod's sermons on true godliness. Cœlebs deceived, a novel. Cogan's ethical questions, or speculations. Governor Findlay's inaugural address. D. Wilson's essay, and English grammar. Robert Hall on terms of communion. Reports of the library committee, of the committee on public schools, and of the committee on domestic economy, to the Pennsylvania society for the pro-

motion of public economy. Shaw's brief disposition of the Lancasterian system. Gethsemane, or thoughts on the sufferings of Christ. D. Styles's memoirs of the Rev. Charles Buck. Mr. Nott's sermon on the idolatry of the Hindoos. Rev. Mr. Stanford's sermon on the death of Mr. Hunter. Death's defence of his character, a poem. List of late publications"

The editor engages that the work shall consist wholly of original matter, thereby imposing upon himself a task not a little arduous—he however has considerable industry, which may enable him to overcome difficulties, arising not so much from any consideration of his own powers, which are very respectable, but from the tenor of the subjects, and the defect of materials.

A Narrative of a Tour of observation, made during the summer of 1817, by James Monroe, President of the U. States, through the north eastern, and north western departments of the union: with a view to the examination of their several military defences, with an appendix. Philadelphia, published by Mitchell and Ames. 1818.

This work will be referred to, at some future day, as a memorial of the important public event which it particularizes. Future presidents will do well to imitate the example of Mr. Monroe in visiting the several states, the interests of which they can best appreciate on a personal examination. All who have participated in the ceremonies of the late tour, will no doubt be desirous of possessing a record of those proceedings, the addresses delivered, and civilities interchanged, for reference at a future day, which will be found embodied in this little volume.

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We have received a supply of London journals including those of December. They are occupied chiefly with accounts of the funeral ceremonies at the interment of the late Princess Charlotte, and contain but little new intelligence; we have however made extracts.

In the London Magazines is announced the intended disposal, by auction, early in the spring, of the whole of the stock of copper plates, with their impressions, of the Messrs. Boydell, lately deceased. These gentlemen have been long universally celebrated for their

famous collection of engravings, by the first artists, after the most capital pictures of the principal masters, of which above 900 are from the Italian school, 60 of these being after Raphael, as many after Titian, several after the Caracci, Corregio, Dominichino, Guido, Parmegiano, Salvator Rosa &c. &c., about 400 from the German school after Albert Durer, Hans Holbein, Eilchmer, Sir P. Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller &c. &c.; nearly 200 from the Flemish, of which above 60 are after Rubens, upwards of 40 after Ostade and Teniers, and many after F. Hals, Sneyders &c. &c.; about 300 from the Dutch, among which are 60 after Vandyke, 70 after Rembrandt, 40 after Berghem, and many after Cuyp, G. Dow, Ruisdael, Schalker &c.; above 800 from the French, of which upwards of 300 are after the pictures of Claud Lorraine, above 50 after the Poussins, many after Callot, Goupy, Le Brun, Le Clerc, Rigaud, Vanloo, Vernet, Watteau, &c.; and of the English school a very extensive series, among which are 32 after Sir Joshua Reynolds, 60 after Mr. West, beside a great number after Barrett, Beechy, Barry, Copley, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Lawrence, Morland, Northcote, Opie, Romney, Sandby, Smirke, Westall, Wilkie &c.; in all about 2500. Of the collected works, those of Hogarth are particularly specified, as meriting the attention of judges of the fine arts, and the Houghton collection,

consisting of some of the capital works of the most eminent painters of all the various schools of Europe, engraved by the best artists of England, such as Earlom, V. Green, Bartolozzi, Sharp, &c.; the original pictures are in the possession of the Emperor of Russia; Liber Veritatis, or a collection of designs of Claude Lorraine, consisting of 300 Plates, engraved by Earlom, and a collection of designs by Guercino, engraved by Bartolozzi, on 156 large folio plates.

But the most magnificent series of engravings is that designed to illustrate the works of Shakspeare. It consists of 96 large prints after pictures expressly painted for the work by the most eminent masters, and all engraved by the best English artists. Amid this vast collection, many of the plates, from the quantity of impressions thrown off, will be found comparatively inferior; indeed it would have been better that, after a certain number of copies, the plates had been destroyed, so as to preserve unimpaired the credit of the different artists concerned.

The Shakspeare collection is, we understand, in the best condition, and formed at an expense unequalled by individuals of any age or country, being not less than 450,000 dollars. The plan was certainly eminently patriotic, at once to illustrate the first English poet, and promote a school of historical painting.

POETRY.

JAVAN POETRY.

(FROM RAFFLES' "HISTORY OF JAVA.")

The *Brata Yudha*, or *The War of Wo*, an epic poem, is said to be the most popular and celebrated work in that language. Of this poem a great part has been translated by Mr. Raffles, with the assistance of a learned native; and of the remainder he has given an analysis. It contains 719 *pada*, or metrical stanzas, of four long lines each, and is said to have been composed by a learned Pundit, in the year 1079. The subject of the poem is a destructive war, in consequence of a rejection of the proposal of the incarnate Dewa, or deity, Krestna, to divide the kingdom of Astina between the Kurawa and Pandawa. The Kurawa are ultimately defeated, and the kingdom of Astina recovered by the Pandawa. There are in this epic of *The War of Wo* many occurrences which remind us of the *Iliad*.—The following Passage, which describes the faithful Satia Wati wandering over the field of battle in search of the dead body of Salia, abounds with some of the finest touches of nature: it was put into En-

glish poetry by the Rev. Thomas Raffles, of Liverpool, from the verbal translation of our author, to which it closely adheres.

603. "Wearied with fruitless search, and in despair

To find the object of her pious care,
Her murder'd lord, who on the battle plain
Lay all neglected 'mid the thousand slain,
She drew the dagger from its sheath of rest,
Intent to plunge it in her heaving breast.
Just then, as if in pity to her grief,
Flash'd the red lightning to the maid's relief,
And show'd with horrid glare the bloody way
To where her husband's mangled body lay.

604. "Another flash, indulgent from the skies,

Points to the spot where Salia's carriage lies,
And Salia's self, whom living she ador'd,
The bleeding body of her murder'd lord:
The richest flowers by heavenly influence shed
Their sweetest odours o'er his honoured head.
The muttering thunder mourn'd his early tomb,
And heaven in showers bewail'd the hero's doom.

605. "With eager grasp the lived corpse
she press'd
In frantic wildness to her throbbing breast;
Tried every art of love that might beguile
Its sullen features to one cheerful smile;
Kiss'd those dear lips so late of coral red,
As if unconscious that the soul had fled;
Then in her folded arms his head she rais'd,
And long on those beloved features gazed,
With *siri* juice his pallid lips she dyed,
And to his wounds its healing balm applied;
While with the skirt of her embroidered vest,
She wip'd the blood-drops from his mangled
breast.

606. "Ah! then, my princely lord, whom
I have found
'Bleeding and mangled on this cursed ground!
'Why are thy lips in sullen silence seal'd
'To her who sought thee on this battle field?
'Wilt thou not speak, my love, my lord, my
all,
'Or still in vain must Satia Wati call?
'Say, shall my copious tears in torrents flow,
'And thus express my agony and woe?
'How shall I move thee, by what art beguile
'The ghastly air of that unmeaning smile?"

607. "Thus soft and tender were the
words she pour'd,
To move the pity of her murder'd lord;
But ah! no sound the unconscious dead re-
turn'd,
No fire of love within his bosom burn'd;
While at each pause a death-like stillness
stole

O'er the deep anguish of the mourner's soul.
'And was it thus to bow thy honoured head
'Amid the thousands of the mangled dead,
'That on that fatal morning thou didst glide
'With gentle footsteps from thy consort's side?
'And to reach the glorious realms above
'Without the faithful partner of thy love?
'But earth has lost its fleeting charms for me,
'And happy spirit, I will follow thee!

608. "Oh meet and bear me o'er that fatal
stone,
'Nor let me pass it, trembling and alone.
'Though Widadaris shall obey thy call,
'Yet keep for me a place above them all.
'To whom but me does that first place belong,
'Who sought and found thee 'mid this ghastly
throng;
'And who, unable to survive thy doom,
'Thus shed my blood and share thy honour'd
Tomb?"

610. "Then with a steady hand the noble
maid
Drew from its peaceful sheath the gleaming
blade;
From her fair bosom tore the embroidered
vest,
And plunged it deep within her heaving
breast,
Rich was the blood that issued from the
wound
And stream'd like liquid gold upon the
ground.

611. "And while the ebbing tide of life
remain'd
And thought and reason were awhile sus-
tain'd,

She call'd her maiden with her feeble breath,
And thus address'd her from the arms of
death:—

612. "Oh! when my spirit soars to realms
above,

'Take this my last request to those I love:
'Tell them to think of Satia Wati's fate,
'And oft the story of her love relate;
'Then o'er her woes the tender heart shall
sigh,

'And the big tear-drop roll from pity's eye.'

614. "Ah! my lov'd mistress," cried the
faithful maid,

'In every scene by thee I gladly staid,
'Whate'er the state of being thou must
know,

'Thy faithful maiden will partake it too.
'What hand but mine the cooling stream
shall pour,

'Or bathe the feet of her whom I adore?"

617. "Strong in despair, and starting
from the ground,
She drew the dagger from her mistress'
wound,

With deadly aim she plunged it in her breast,
And with her mistress sunk in endless rest."

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

THE fatal Morn arrives, and, oh!
To School the blubb'ring Youth must go,
Before the Muses' hallow'd shrine,
Each joy domestic to resign,
No more as erst, at break of day
To brush the early dews away,
But in ideal range to fly
Thro' fancied fields of poetry:
Now gives mamma her last caressing,
And fond papa bestows his blessing;
Their soft endearments scarcely o'er,
The chaise drives rattling from the door.

In gay description could I shine,
Or were thy numbers, Homer, mine,
Then should my muse harmonious show
How fast they journey'd, or how slow;
How from the east Aurora rose,
With fingers red, and redder nose;
Or, at the purple dawn's approach,
Rose Phœbus in his painted coach;
But, to be brief, we'll rest content,
With only saying—off he went.

So when, from out the Grecian fire
Of old, Æneas bore his sire,
The hero left with many a tear
Those plains, by mem'ry made more dear,
And still in absence would his mind,
Recall the joys it left behind,
Still bless those happier days, ere Greece
O'erturn'd the gentle reign of peace,

When Heav'n propitious smil'd on Priam,
 —Sed diverticulo in viam—
 Our youth the joys of home forgot,
 Now grows contented with his lot;
 On Virgil's sweets can dwell with pleasure,
 With Tully pass his hours of leisure;
 In verses play with skill his part,
 Nay—say the Iliad all by heart.
 Oft will he launch aloud in praise
 Of earlier Greece's happier days,
 When kings liv'd peaceful in a cottage,
 When children fed on sooty pottage,
 Tho' now a-days they'll play their parts
 As well on syllabubs and tarts,
 When ev'ry hero was as tall
 As Gog and Magog in Guildhall;
 And by their prowess he can guess,
 The Romans surely were no less.
 He's not (if authors rightly tell us,)
 One of those harum-scarum fellows,
 Who seek, and know no other pleasure,
 Than that of eating and of leisure;
 Who think the beauties of a classic,
 Enough to make a very ass sick;
 Who know no joys beyond the chace,
 No recreation but a race;
 By him far nobler joys are found
 In Tully's arguments profound;
 No dainties please him like the sweets
 Of Homer's compound epithets.
 At length on Isis' banks he views,
 The walls belov'd by ev'ry muse,
 Those walls where gen'rous souls pursue
 The arduous prize to virtue due,
 And school-men from the world withdrawn,
 Dispute o'er sausages and brawn;
 But here, alas! the ruthless train
 Of studies new perplex his brain;
 He now of nothing talks but statics,
 Geometry, and mathematics,
 Crosses the Asinorum Pons,
 Solves the parallelepipidons,
 Explains the rays of light by prisms,
 And arguments by syllogisms,
 And night and day his mem'ry crams
 Brimful of parallelograms;
 By A's and B's exact defines
 The wond'rous miracles of lines;
 Ask you their names? I might as soon
 Reckon the people in the moon.
 Had I an hundred brazen tongues,
 An hundred sturdy carters' lungs,
 An hundred mouths to tell them o'er,
 'Twould take a century or more:
 Talk of a flow'r of various dyes,
 He'll prove you must not trust your eyes;
 For what to us seems black or white,
 Is only diff'rent rays of light;
 And tho' some untaught writers tell,
 That men had once the pow'r to smell,

Our modern scholar plainly shows,
 'Tis but a tickling in the nose:
 By solid proofs he can assure ye,
 Non dari vacuum naturæ—
 As well by demonstration show
 Quod nihil fit ex nihilo—
 That when earth's convex face you tread,
 Your feet move slower than your head;
 Solve any knotty point with ease,
 And prove the moon is not green cheese.
 But fast the rolling years glide on,
 And life's far better half is gone;
 He soon to other thoughts aspires,
 Accepts a living, and retires,
 And soon immur'd in pars'nage neat
 Enjoys his peaceable retreat.
 As necessary to our story,
 You'll ask was he a whig or tory?
 But in this weighty point indeed
 Historians are not all agreed;
 However, to avoid all pother,
 We'll grant he was or one or t'other;
 Although, perhaps, he wisely chose
 That side whence most preferment rose.
 He now directs his eager search
 Thro' ev'ry æra of the church;
 With cambric band, and double chin
 Exhorts his flock to flee from sin;
 Bids them all evil ways eschew,
 And always pay their tythes when due;
 Declares all sublunary joys
 Are visions and delusive toys;
 Bids worth neglected rear its head,
 And fills the sinner's soul with dread;
 Whilst gaping rustics hear with wonder,
 His length of words and voice of thunder!
 Long time his flock beheld him shine,
 A zealous and a wise divine,
 Until, as ebbing life retires,
 A dean'ry crowns his last desires:
 Behold him now devoid of care,
 Snug seated in his elbow chair!
 He cracks his jokes, he eats his fill,
 On Sunday preaches,—if he will.
 Solves doubts, as fast as others start 'em,
 By arguments *secundum artem*;
 Now puzzles o'er in warm debate,
 Each weighty point of church and State,
 Or tells o'er, in facetious strain,
 The pranks of early youth again;
 Recalls to mem'ry school dissaters,
 Unfinished tasks, and angry masters.
 As erst to him, O! heav'nly maid,
 Learning to me impart thy aid;
 Oh! teach my feet like his to stray
 Along preferment's flow'ry way;
 And if thy hallowed shrine before,
 I e'er thy ready aid implore,
 Make me, O! sphere-descended queen,
 A bishop, or at least—a dean.